



No. 240.—VOL. XIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1897.

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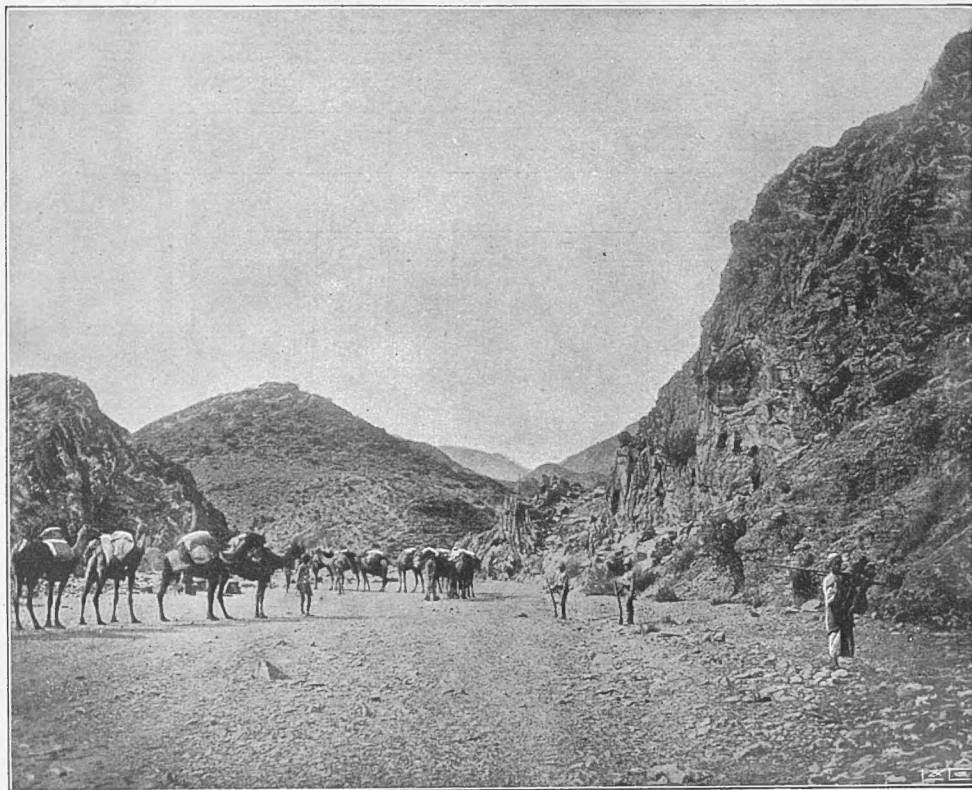


THE DUKE OF YORK WEARING THE ORDER OF KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

THE KHYBER PASS AND ITS DENIZENS.

Photographs by Mr. Bourke, Jellalabad.

The interest associated with the Khyber Pass is an ever-recurring one, and during the sixty years that it has been within the sphere of British interests this interest has been one long history of killing and slaying,



WESTERN ENTRANCE TO THE KHYBER PASS.

despair and disaster. No wonder that it has grown to be called the dreaded Khyber.

A short consideration of the position of this road will readily convey the reason why so much blood-shedding has been concentrated upon this particular Pass. The great mass of the Himalayas sweeps round Kashmir and the headwaters of the Indus, and turning south, the broken ranges of barren and stony mountains run mostly parallel to that great river, forming an almost impenetrable bulwark to the north-western portion of the vast continent of India. This bulwark is all the more noticeable, for the plains of India extend everywhere up to the foot of these mountain ranges, and render our hold upon the open country a comparatively easy task. Through this great bulwark lies a solitary road, the most northerly passage from India to Central Asia. A mountain torrent dashing down from Kabul has broken a way with irresistible force through the tangled ranges to the plains of India, and though in parts, where towering cliffs shut in the river on both sides, no access is possible, yet in a general way the road from Peshawur to Kabul follows the direction of the Kabul River. Through this Pass, or succession of passes as it really is, made up of the Khyber Pass proper, twenty-eight miles long, the Lataband, the Jugdalluk, and the Khurd-Kabul, all the intercourse between India and Central Asia has from time immemorial been carried. The Khyber is the gate of India on the north-west, and the Afridis are the gate-keepers.

Let us for a moment consider these wild mountaineers and the conditions under which they live. Their country, from Jamrud, at the eastern, to Lundi Khana, at the western end of the Khyber, is one vast tangle of broken mountains and ridges, covered with stones and rocks, on which nothing grows, for little rain falls, and the burning heat of a long summer scorches up whatever vegetation a passing shower may draw out of the barren soil. It is but a natural consequence that the inhabitants of the country should not be men of peace. An Afridi—at any rate, in his own estimation—has a right to live, and since his own barren hills afford him no sustenance, he has, from generation to generation, eked out his slender subsistence by looting and robbing. Swooping down from his lofty hills upon the caravans struggling in the narrow Pass at his feet, he has always exacted his toll at the point of the knife from the passing merchant, whom he considers his legitimate prey. When a baby is born to one of these highland women, a hole is made in the wall of the rude hut in which she lives, and the boy is passed backwards and

forwards through it by the mother, with the constant prayer of "Be a thief! be a thief!"

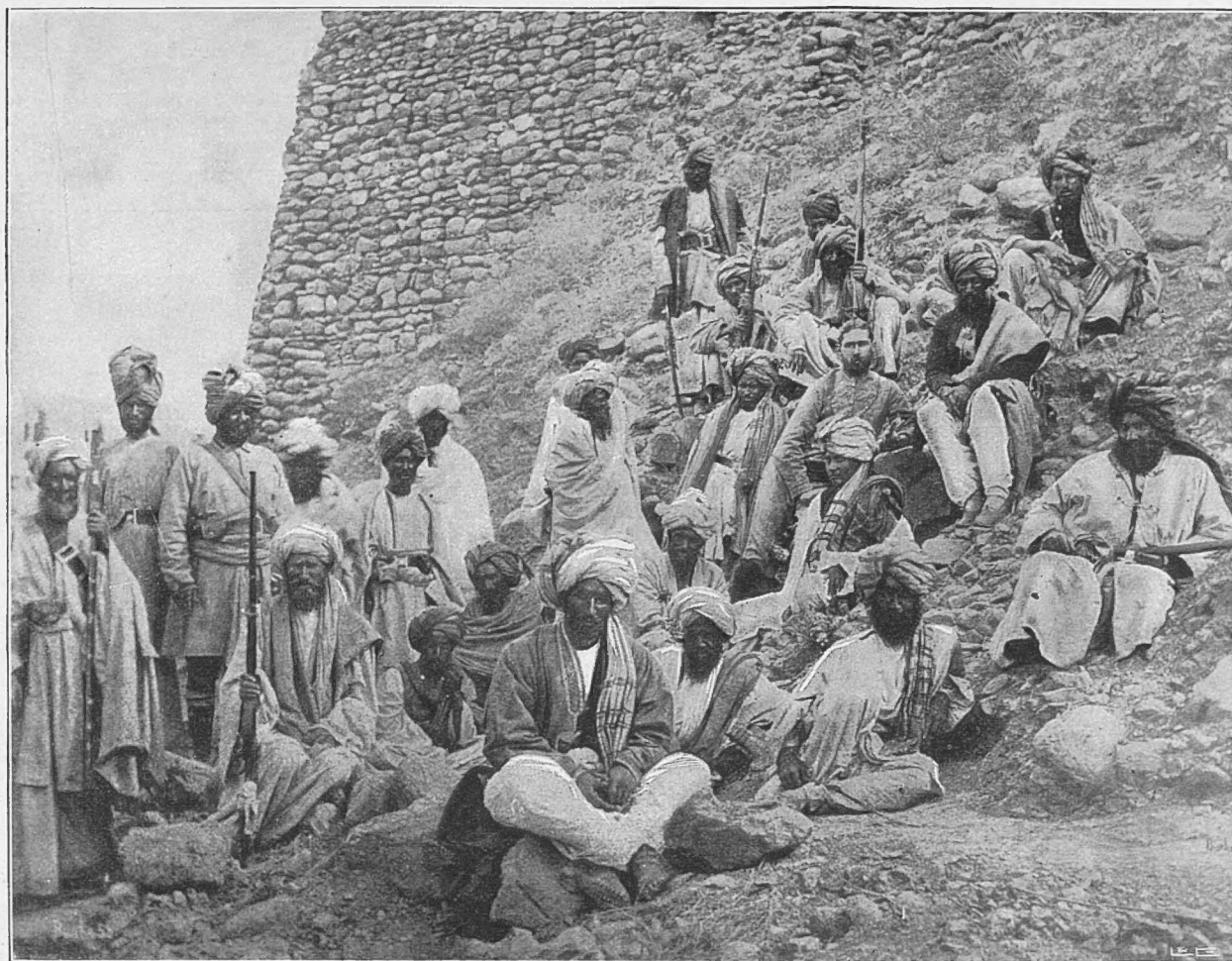
It is with these wild clans that we have been forced into contact, much against our will, every time we have needed to go out of India through this gate. Long-suffering as has been the Indian Government in the face of the many provocations of the Afridis, expeditions have now and then been sent into their inaccessible hills to try and punish them; but the result is never worth the cost, for with immense difficulty our force toils up into the hills to the collection of stony huts that forms the capital of a clan, only to find it deserted, for the Afridi has nothing to lose. A few walls are pulled down, a few towers are blown up, and the expedition returns, the parting guest being sped by a few long shots from some hillman's jezail as he lies concealed among the rocks, of which, indeed, he seems almost a part.

The only alternative is to pay toll to the gate-keeper, and this has been found successful—so long as the Afridis chose to keep to their bargain. So long ago as 1839 Major Mackeson made a treaty with these mountaineers, most advantageous to them, "to keep the Pass open," and, in consequence, the 37th and 48th Regiments of Bengal Native Infantry were sent through, the careful political officer, however, warning them to trust rather "in Providence and in keeping their powder dry" than in the faith of the newly paid guardians of the Pass. The sight of a straggling baggage-train was, however, too much temptation to the robbers. Three hundred of them swooped down, cutting up the camp-followers, and had it not been for the timely return of Colonel Wheeler, little would have been left but the mangled corpses of the wretched baggage-men. A month or two later the Afridis had got tired even of this new treaty, and catching a whole Sikh regiment off their guard in a narrow part of the Pass, almost annihilated them, Major Mackeson himself scarcely escaping.

Latterly, owing to Colonel Warburton's tact, and possibly to an awakening at last of the Afridi to better things, the Pass has been fairly kept open by the subsidised tribes, who receive payment to allow travellers to pass through on Tuesdays and Fridays—a payment which is stopped at once on their misbehaviour. The present outbreak is nothing more than the recrudescence of the Afridi's warlike spirit. In spite of our advancing civilisation, he is still a fifteenth-century highlander, to whom a good weapon is the sign of his quality and the keenness to use it the proof of his manliness. Their success in overpowering the garrisons of the forts in the Khyber, garrisoned as they are only by Afridis in our pay, under the name of Khyber Rifles, is no military loss to us. The forts are no check to an advance on our part, should it be considered worth while to reopen the Pass, for the hills on both sides must be first occupied by us, and then the forts are untenable by the enemy. The Afridi has a future before him, not in murdering and robbing, but in serving the Queen in the ranks of our native army. Here he will learn to earn an honest livelihood and find an outlet for all his martial instincts, while India will profit immensely by this splendid recruiting-ground.—F. ST. J. GORE.



LUNDI KOTAL PASS, WITH ROAD MADE BY MADRAS SAPPERS.

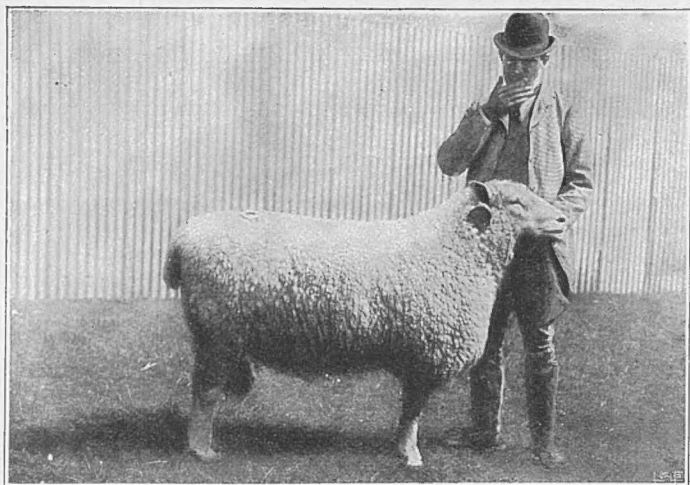


KHYBER CHIEF AND KHANS (AFRIDIS).



END OF DEFILE, ALI MUSJID TO THE RIGHT, WITH SENTRY, SHOWING THE NARROWNESS OF DEFILE AND HEIGHT OF FORT.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. BOURKE, JELLALABAD.

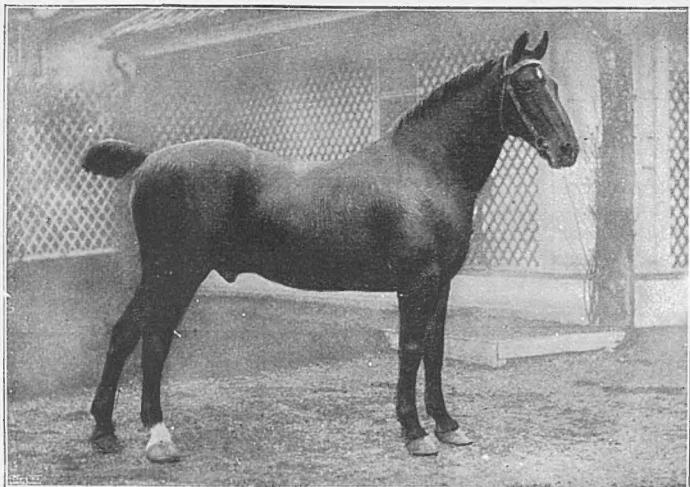
THE HORSE-SHOW AT DUBLIN.

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

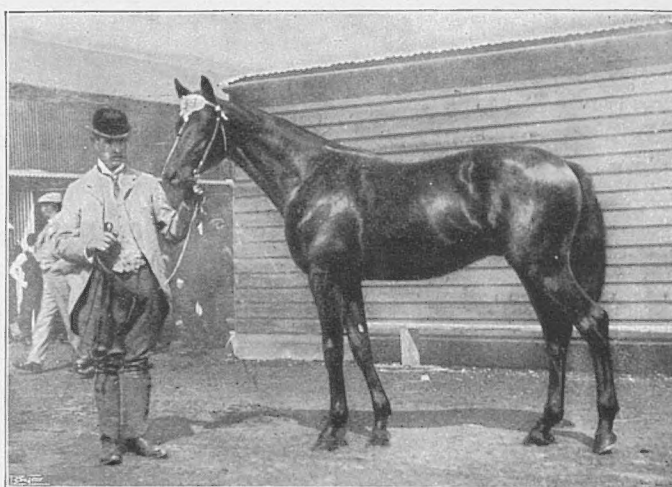
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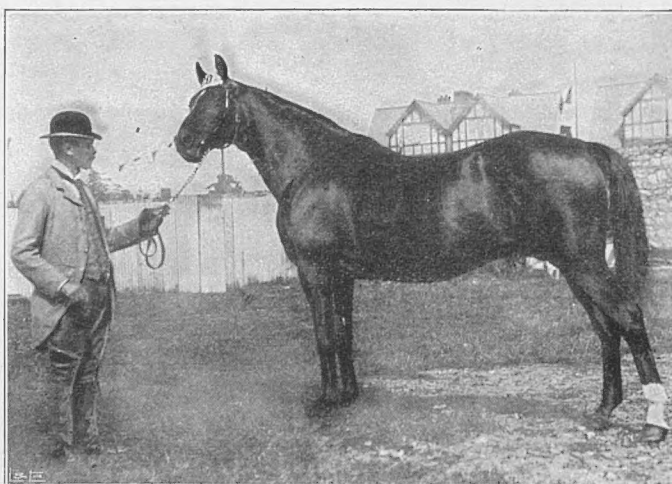
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TWO WELL-KNOWN CYCLISTS.

The "bike" as a reminiscent force in literature is manifested in the September number of *Harper's Magazine*, which opens with a delightful article by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, entitled "Around London by Bicycle." For a moment one expects an "account" of how it was done, and, of course, that is not lacking, but the great charm of the article is its wealth of literary allusion. It would be unchivalrous, seeing that the article is a lady's, to ask, "Does not so much reminiscence smell slightly of the lamp?"—the bicycle-lamp, if you will—therefore the question should not be mooted. Critical quibbles apart, the story of how "J. and I" circumcycled London makes very good reading, while "J.'s" pencil has further contributed to the lucidity and beauty of the work. To the literary be the literary pleasures of the article; to the cyclist, literary or not, be all these delights and more, for the paper is not too dreamily allusive to soar beyond the practical considerations of roads and inns, their possibilities and impossibilities. The tour was undertaken in September 1896, and carried out in sections. The run of the first section was by Hammersmith, Barnes, and Mortlake to Ripley, concluding at Guildford. Three days later the "circumcyclers" trained it to Guildford, and worked round by Dorking, Chilworth, Albury, and Shere to Redhill, and so, by Godstone, Oxted (where a puncture occurred), and Ightham, to Rochester. To Mrs. Pennell, at Rochester, Dickens was omnipresent. He was with her, too, at Cobham, and even after the Thames was crossed at Gravesend, Dickens was with the tourists at Chigwell. In Hertfordshire, Walton and Lamb bore them good company as Waltham and Ware were passed. Thence our cyclists ran to St. Albans, and finished that stage at Pinner. From Pinner it was train back to London, and a week elapsed before the run was resumed. Wind and weather forbade the westward ride from Pinner, so it was train to Windsor, thence wheel to Stoke-Poges, and on to Burnham. The two Chalfonts closed this section. Windsor to Guildford should have completed the circle, but the wind declared for Guildford to Windsor, and so the circle was (if one may say it with reverence) squared. Cyclists who cannot arrange a long absence from London will doubtless be glad to follow in the wheel-tracks of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell; who devised this tour simply because London imperiously claimed them and forbade wider wanderings. Certainly they had their revenge, for they completely got round about London.

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SMALL TALK.

The Duke and Duchess of York began last week in Ireland by lunching with Lord Ashbourne and visiting Lord and Lady Ardilaun at Clontarf Lodge. Lady Ardilaun was the daughter of the third and last Earl of Bantry. She married Lord Ardilaun in 1871, while he was still Sir Arthur Guinness. They have no family. The Leopardstown Races, the Dublin Horse Show, and the visit to Lord Powerscourt were a great success.

That somewhat dingy-looking mansion in Dover Street that stands with lodge and gateway at the corner of Hay Hill has, I understand, recently been sold. It was built in the early part of last century, and was purchased by the then Earl of Ashburnham, in whose family it has remained ever since, though for a period it was occupied by the Russian Embassy. Prince Lieven was the first Muscovite Ambassador who occupied it, and Prince Pozzo di Borgo the last. In 1844 the Emperor Nicholas made it his residence during his visit to her Majesty. The gateway, the most striking part of the home externally, was designed by Adam, who also did some of the best of the existing internal decoration. There is a far more famous Ashburnham House still in existence, though unknown, I suppose, by that name. The mansion I refer to is now a prebendal residence in Little Dean's Yard, and narrowly escaped destruction some sixteen years ago. It was built for the Ashburnham family by Inigo Jones on Chapter land, and was purchased from John Earl of Ashburnham by the Crown in 1730, at which date he presumably moved to Dover Street. This house was occupied in 1731 by the celebrated Dr. Bentley, the King's librarian, and when the fire which destroyed many of the manuscripts of the Cotton Library (deposited there) broke out in October 1831, the Doctor is reported to have left hastily with the priceless Alexandrian Manuscripts under his arm! An exquisite drawing-room, a dining-room, and a staircase of Inigo's still remain. This house was the residence of Dean Milman when a Prebend of Westminster.

Why for so many years even after what Leech called the "beard and moustache movement," beards and banking were considered incompatible, I cannot say; but certainly, for a very considerable period, old-fashioned banking establishments insisted on the faces of their employees, as regards lip and chin, being as clean as their reputation, and a great deal cleaner (in some instances) than their bank-notes. Even the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, I believe, would not permit her servants of a former generation to grow beards or moustaches; but these restrictions have, in almost every instance, been long removed. One exception still remains. The historic house of Coutts, where royalty keeps its private accounts, declines to alter the rule of a bygone age, and visitors to its ancient walls will note that its employees present a remarkably trim and smart appearance. I understand that the younger clerks yearning for those hirsute adornments so dear to budding adolescence, have recently memorialised the partners on this hairy subject; but, alas! without success. Perhaps someone will call the attention of these unrelenting powers to that story

of Rudyard Kipling's in which a young lady remarks that to kiss a man without a moustache is like eating an egg without salt. Surely if the authorities could only be brought to realise the opinion of the fair sex on this matter, they would relax a rule which, in the circumstances, may surely be called a "barberism."

When Newgate Street no longer boasts its historic Bluecoat School, and the new building, the foundation-stone of which is to be laid by the Prince of Wales next month, has achieved existence, I understand that Hertford, that nursery of the embryo Blue, will also become a thing of the past, the preparatory school for Christ's Hospital being also moved to Sussex. From very early days in the history of the Bluecoat School it was found necessary to have adjuncts for the youngest scholars in country places, and preparatory schools were opened at Hertford, Ware, and Broxbourne in the seventeenth century. In 1683 the chief of these, the "Place House" at Ware, was found totally inadequate, and the foundation-stone of the Hertford School in a larger form was laid to

take the place of the small building of 1655 and to absorb the overflow of the "Place House" of Ware. The building cost between five thousand and six thousand pounds, and by 1760 it had absorbed not only the overflow of Ware, but the whole of its scholars, as well as those of Broxbourne. In the early part of this century the great hall was added, and the school was again enlarged some years later. Casual visitors to the clean-looking old town of Hertford are probably familiar with the school entrance, with its great gates, on the two piers of which leaden statues of Bluecoat boys were placed by the builders. What is to become of a building dear to many an old Blue with kindly feelings for his "Nurse," I have not heard.

Mr. John Campbell Smith, Sheriff of Forfar, is a wit and a humorist, a hater of shams, and an enemy of Mrs. Grundy. He is, withal, popular in the district over which he wields legal jurisdiction, and his presence therefore imparts *éclat* to any public

function in which he may take part. Lately his services have been requisitioned for the opening of bazaars in connection with different Churches. At Carnoustie Mr. Campbell Smith gave his audience an epigram of Douglas Jerrold, never before in print, reported, he said, to him by the late Dr. Carruthers, of Inverness. In the house of Campbell, the poet, in London, Jerrold had been teasing Carruthers about some Scots peculiarities, and remarked that "Scotsmen require sound doctrine and strong drink, predestination, and eleven over-proof," showing, the Sheriff remarked, that he knew something about theology and the licensing laws of Scotland. In opening an Evangelical Union Church bazaar at Coupar-Angus, Sheriff Smith, in urging a wider tolerance and deploring the continued adherence, in some quarters, to Judaistic rites, mentioned that his old friend Mr. Russel, of the *Scotsman*, used to tell about a Jew who had resolved to have a supper of pork, and put what was necessary in his pocket. On his way home he was overtaken by a thunderstorm, and a peal burst over him with terrific vehemence. He took the meat out of his pocket and threw it away, and when he recovered from his terror remarked that he did not see the use of making such a row in the heavens about two pounds of pork chops.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK'S HOSTESS AT CLONTARF: LADY ARDILAUN.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

The popularity of *The Sketch* in the Service is curiously illustrated by the accompanying snapshot, which shows four officers of the Cheshire Regiment at Kilworth Camp, near Fermoy, each with a copy of this journal.

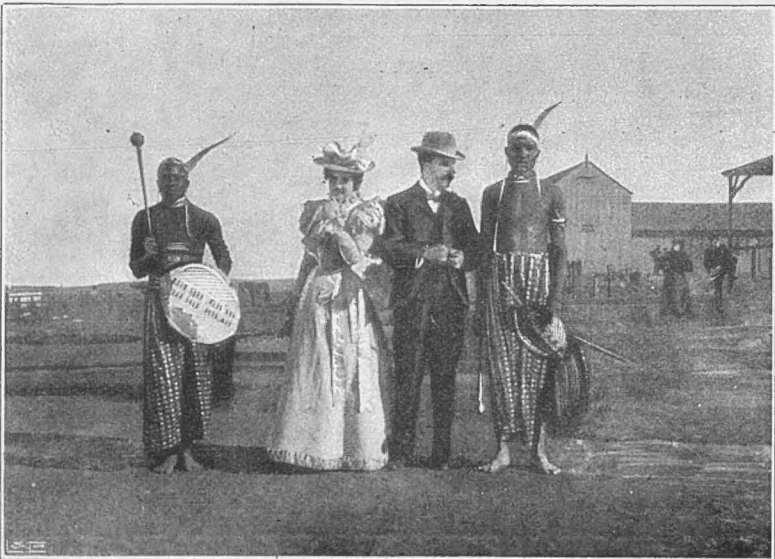


OFFICERS OF THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT READING "THE SKETCH."

The lunatic's death at Brentwood County Asylum, inquired into by the Essex Coroner the other day—a death from injuries for which no one could account, doctors and warders finding them equally mysterious—will remind novel-readers of scenes in Charles Reade's virile romance of "Hard Cash." It was with reference to certain of these vivid word-pictures that a medical man incautiously flung himself into print, and declared that such things as the novelist described were "impossible," except to a writer of sensational romance, and received that crushing reply which, for neatness and conclusiveness, it would be impossible to improve upon. After a most lucid exposition of the facts, the great novelist continued his letter to the *Daily News* thus—"All this, says Dr. Bushman, is impossible. Well, the impossibility in question disguised itself as fact, and went through the hollow form of taking place, upon December 11, 12, and 13, 1851, and the myth is recorded in the journals, and the authorised report by Elkington, jun. and W. P. Carr, barristers-at-law, is published in what may be an air-bubble, but looks like a pamphlet, by M'Glashan, 50, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin."

Some friends who have just returned from a tour in out-of-the-way parts of Norway, tell me of a capital hotel-system in vogue there, which might be adopted with advantage in some parts of Scotland and Ireland. In every village where no hotel exists, some one of the more prominent inhabitants is subsidised by the Norwegian Government, and, in return, is bound to provide accommodation for not less than four travellers; he may take in more if he chooses, but four is the minimum. My friends made frequent use of these subsidised hostelries, and are enthusiastic concerning the excellence of the accommodation and food supplied. I did not gather whether the tariff was regulated by Government, but I presume it is; anyway, the charges are absurdly moderate. Norway owes much of her prosperity to tourists, and she certainly treats them well.

"Lalage Potts, of the U.S.A.," as Miss Sadie Jerome used to call herself in the days of "Gentleman Joe," is back at the Palace Theatre. She had a great success at Johannesburg, where she was amusing Afrikanders; and, in return, they amused her. A Kaffir war-dance was



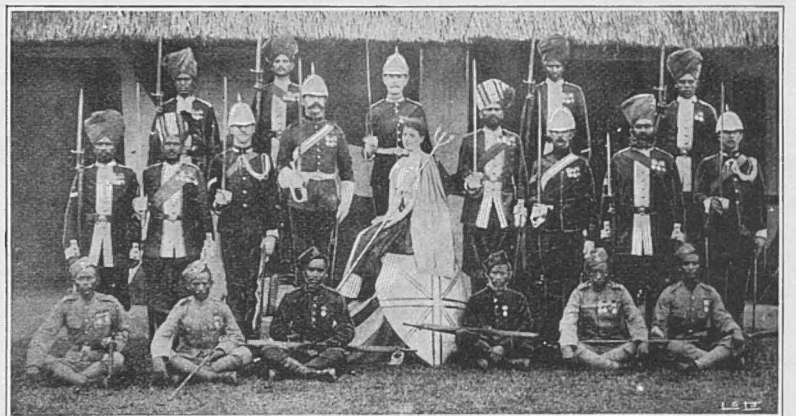
MISS SADIE JEROME AND AFRICAN DANCERS.

held the other day at the Robinson Gold-Mine, the photograph showing two of the dancers alongside of Miss and Mr. Price, the manager of the mine.

An interesting French lawsuit recently decided proves that theatrical "lines of business" have not fallen into abeyance across the Channel, although they are quite out of date in West-End work, and are only adhered to in second- and third-rate touring companies, as advertisements for "heavy lead," "chambermaid," and so forth, sufficiently show. In the action mentioned an actress had been engaged at the Cannes Casino for *ingénue* and *soubrette* parts, and when, in consequence of the absence of another lady, the manager allotted to her a *coquette* rôle, she flatly refused to play. She was forthwith dismissed, and has now recovered substantial damages for having received her *congé* on account of having stood upon her legal rights. The case is a curious one, and certainly deserves chronicling. Supposing, for instance, Mr. Wilson Barrett dismissed Mr. Ambrose Manning for refusing to play Tigellinus in "The Sign of the Cross," would the popular comedian obtain damages?

I hear that several of the world-famous costumiers of the Rue de la Paix are contemplating opening branches in New York. They fear, and with some reason, that the McKinley Tariff looks like spelling ruin for them, for, although orders were very brisk during the spring, there is now a noticeable falling off. "It will not be our loss," said one of the best-known designers the other day. "Famous names will have the same value on the Fifth Avenue as here, and the husbands will have to pay all the dearer for those famous names, and we shall have the pull over the America-for-the-American competitor, who will never be able to make the terms that we can in buying, and who will have to pay the same tax on the same material, and fight us without our advantages and without our name to conjure with." There is something in the idea.

I have just received the accompanying picture of an entertainment which took place at Silchar, Assam, on the North-Eastern Frontier of India, during the Jubilee. Notwithstanding that the earthquake had



"RULE BRITANNIA," A TABLEAU IN ASSAM.

just passed, a pre-arranged programme of sports and other festivities was carried out. The tableau, "Soldiers of the Queen surrounding Britannia" (Miss Madden), created great enthusiasm. Lieutenant T. E. Madden sang a descriptive song.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew is described with gusto by a young Italian, Doctor of Arts and Laws, Manolesso by name, in a brochure which he issued from the press at Padua on his twenty-fifth birthday, Dec. 8, 1572. The murder of Coligny and the massacre of all the Huguenots except Henry of Navarre and Condé are set forth in all their hideous details by this enthusiastic young "Roman Catholic" (if the *Chronicle* will allow me), the names of the principal victims reading strangely in their Italian spelling. As lurid in their way are some of the medals struck in honour of that fearful night. One represents the French Crown and the fleurs-de-lys, with the scroll "Pietas Excitavit Justitiam, 24 Augusti 1572"; in another, the King, Charles IX., is revealed in his tent, crowned and standing upon a prostrate Huguenot; in a third, inscribed "Ugonottorum Strages," the Protestants are being attacked by an angel holding a crucifix in the right hand and a drawn sword in the left. Succeeding generations have made this deed redound not to the glory, but to the eternal infamy of the Most Christian King Charles IX. and his Medicean mother, neither of whom appears, it will be remembered, in Meyerbeer's opera on this historic theme.

The Sunday edition of a leading New England paper is publishing, under the attractively alliterative heading of "Babies on Bicycles," portraits of and details concerning such local children under twelve as are proficient in the art of wheeling. The *New York Herald* also has got hold of a wonderful story relating to a young fellow who is truly a "scorcher" on his "bike," although he is without both his legs. The statement made is sufficiently circumstantial to possess verisimilitude. A third jotting of the same sort has for its subject a New Jersey boy, aged ten, who is described as being one of the cleverest trick-riders in the States. To use the grandiloquent phrase employed, "the machine seems to be endowed with life" while it is under his guidance. Why don't they send this little Willie Trent over here? He would become an attraction in the music-halls.

The *Cornhill Magazine* is (fortuitously) up to date with an interesting article on duelling in the British Isles. The last duel fought in England took place at Egham in 1852, when one Frenchman killed the other. The last duel in Scotland (1830) was also fatal, for Sir Alexander Boswell, son of the immortal biographer, was killed by Captain Stewart on the seashore near Kirkcaldy at the first shot. The prominence of the Duke of York also recalls the duel of his namesake, the son of George III., who was called out by Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond. The Duke of York was Colonel of the Coldstreams, and Lennox was Lieut.-Colonel. The Duke stated publicly on parade one day in 1783 that Lennox had listened to words at Daubigny's Club to which no gentleman should submit. The Colonel advanced to question the Duke, and, was, of course, ordered back to his post; but the Duke sent for him afterwards to the orderly-room, and told him that he claimed no immunity on account of his royal blood or army rank, and that when off duty the colour of his coat was brown. After trying in vain to discover by correspondence the name of the Duke's informant, Lennox wrote to his Royal Highness asking for it, but was refused. So the pair met at Wimbledon Common, May 26, 1789, the Duke attended by Lord Rawdon, and Lennox by Lord Winchelsea. They eyed one another at twelve paces, and Lennox fired the bullet, having grazed a curl of his opponent. The Duke did not fire, and did not mean to fire at him. Lord Winchelsea expressed the hope that his Royal Highness would have no objection to say he considered Colonel Lennox a man of honour and courage. The Duke replied that he should say nothing. Lennox might fire again. This the Colonel declined to do, as the Duke did not mean to fire. On this, both gentlemen left the ground. The officers of the Coldstreams afterwards passed a resolution that "Lennox had behaved with courage, but, from the peculiar difficulty of his case, not with judgment." A man called Swift wrote a pamphlet siding with the Duke, and was shot by Lennox—not fatally, however, for the wounded man lived to write about his own duel. Afterwards, Lennox exchanged into the 35th Regiment, which was quartered at Edinburgh, where he was received with great enthusiasm. Lennox, who succeeded his uncle as Duke of Richmond, died in Canada, where he was Governor-General, in 1819. The Duke of York died eight years later.

On Sept. 4, 1657, a procession came up the Thames escorting the body of the greatest British Admiral of that time, Robert Blake, who had died at sea on Aug. 7. Blake was born at Bridgwater in August 1599, and was the eldest of the twelve sons of Humphrey Blake and Sarah, daughter and co-heiress of Humphrey Williams of Plansfield. The family formerly belonged to Bishop's Lydeard, near Taunton, and were engaged in mercantile pursuits. After receiving his early education at the Grammar School of Bridgwater, Robert Blake proceeded, in 1615, to Wadham College, Oxford, where he remained eleven years. After graduating he stood for a Fellowship at Merton, but was rejected on account of his squat figure, an æsthetic disqualification which still has weight at the ancient University. Returning to Bridgwater, Blake occupied himself in mercantile pursuits, and is believed to have gained considerable marine experience during frequent voyages. He was not, however, wholly absorbed in private business, for in the short Parliament of 1640 he represented Bridgwater. When the Civil War broke out, Blake allied himself with the Parliamentary cause, and rendered distinguished service at Lyme and Taunton. Shortly after the King's execution, Blake was appointed to the chief command of the fleet, his commission bearing date Feb. 27, 1649. He hunted Prince Rupert's

destruction of a Spanish treasure-fleet off Santa Cruz, in April 1657. For this a public thanksgiving was ordered in England, and Blake set his face homeward. He was, however, in desperate health, and ere he could see the English shores again he died. He was buried in

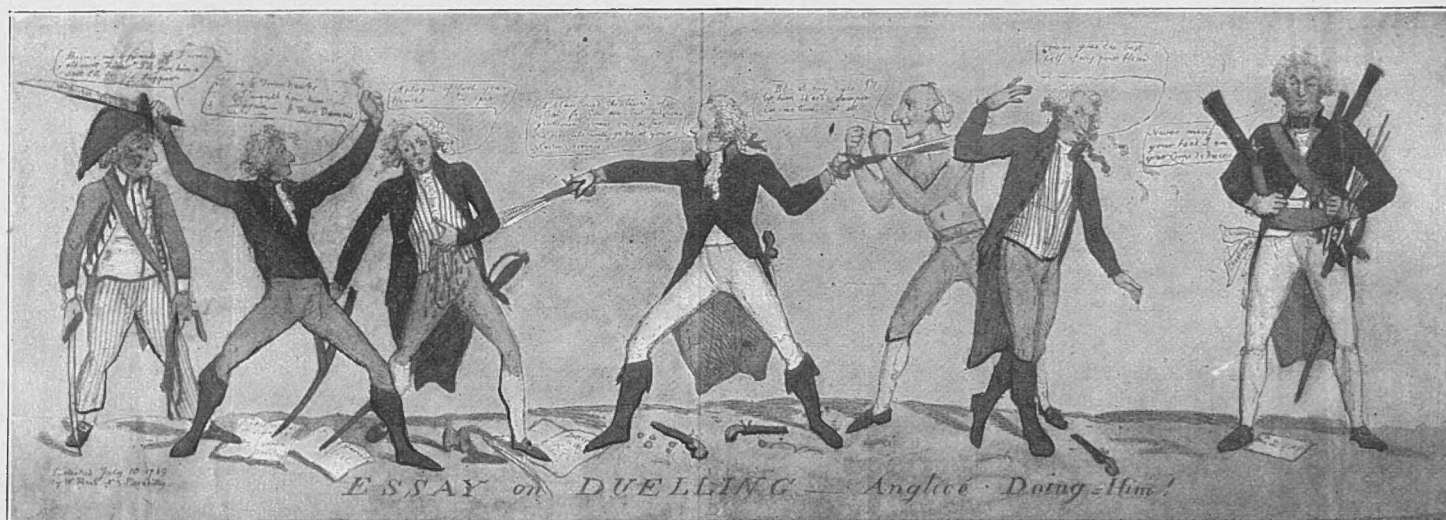


ADMIRAL BLAKE.

Painted by H. P. Briggs, and Presented to Greenwich Hospital by Sir Robert Preston.

Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, whence, after the Restoration, his honoured dust was snatched and flung into a pit on the north side of the Minster.

A new club has just been founded in Paris, in the district of Montmartre, where the painters, the poets, and the dramatists come from. It is called the "Royal Bohème," and its idea is to revive the glories of those days when the Bohemian carried his sword and—paid nobody. Among the fourteen rules that permit you to become a member are some of the following gems. You must be educated and be either a painter, a writer, or a sculptor; you must have been thoroughly hard up and insolvent during at least five years; you must have succeeded in "doing" at least two landlords and have skipped by the light of the



Duke of Clarence.

Duke of Lennox.

Duke of York.

Duke of Richmond.

THE DUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE OF YORK AND COLONEL LENNOX, MAY 26, 1789.

fleet with signal success, and burned many of his ships at Cartagena. From that time his naval fame was in the ascendant. His most brilliant exploits were the defeat of Tromp and the suppression of the Pirates of Tunis. The latter event took place in April 1655, and the lesson of that bombardment was so salutary that on the strength of it the Dey of Algiers surrendered on a friendly agreement as soon as Blake appeared before that town. Blake's last great exploit was the

moon; you must also be honest (which seems a contradiction); you must like wine, tobacco, the ladies, absinthe, and, incidentally, work; and, above all, you must undertake to insult and fight any man whom you may find and whom you may think either a blackguard or a fool. There are only to be twenty members, and each one has to swear never to accept a decoration from the Government—which seems very hard on an undoubted genius.

The new Grand Theatre at Fulham, with which I deal elsewhere, has a novel act-drop; designed by Mr. Henderson. In most theatres the centre of the act-drop has a picture, sometimes a pretty one, that stares at the spectator for years, until the once gorgeous material wears threadbare, and patrons have almost learned to associate the scene depicted with the house. Thinking of this monotony, Mr. Henderson hit upon a clever idea, and, in ordering his act-drop, had a large frame fitted round the middle, in which the centre scene can be fixed. By this device he is able to vary his act-drop every week if he so desires, and when there is any picture or place in which the public is taking an intense momentary interest, he can procure a proper sized copy, or have one made, and put it in the frame. When I think of the many old familiar act-drops, at which time and I have gazed so long in theatres, once prosperous or fashionable, I am glad to think that their days and nights are at an end, for I have no doubt that managers will appropriate Mr. Henderson's idea, and that in future the picture in the act-drop will be removable at will. I do not like to note how the production of new pieces at certain houses always shows the old act-drop picture older and more shabby; the life, grace, and colouring gone from figures once fresh and gay; a sky grown grey; a cupid with wings that have moulted badly; the once verdant foliage of an Arcadia all in "the sere, the yellow leaf." It is a small thing, but makes me feel very old and bald, infirm and uncharitable.

We are a conservative people. The hot days come and our horses drop down or present a lamentable appearance when gripped by the staggers, but we do very little to meet the case. The sun-bonnet, of which a great deal has been heard recently, is a case in point. They have been introduced to England mainly by the exertions of Mr. Percy, a wine-merchant in Tower Street, who has used them for some years for his own horses. Sun-bonnets are common in some French towns, notably Bordeaux, where they can be had for fourpence each. It is three years since Mr. Percy began to use them for his own horses, and eighteen months ago he sent one to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but it was only this summer that anything was really done. And even now, when a chance of manufacturing the new article is put within their reach, the manufacturers at Luton have not been taken up



THE SUN-BONNET FOR HORSES.
Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.

with the enthusiasm which a new trade should evoke. The hats remind me of a Welshwoman's straw tower. There are two holes in the top for the ears of the horse to go through; in the cone one may place a damp sponge. A ribbon at the back attaches the hat to the harness, and it is fixed to his head by ribbons tied to his neck. A bunch of ribbons at the top of the cone are not merely ornamental, as you would think, but are intended to keep away the flies.

The St. Ronan's Border Games are a nice old-fashioned institution, which must be of great interest to all lovers of Scott. A new banner has just been unfurled in connection therewith, designed by Messrs. Tait, of Innerleithen. In the strange language of heraldry the arms are—

Quarterly—1st, gules; 2nd, or; 3rd, argent; 4th, sable; embattled per fesse, over all (the humorous charge alluded to in Sir Walter Scott's description of the sign over Meg Dods's Hotel) a monk, attired, catching hold of the Devil's game leg with his episcopal crook (hence the derivation of the Scotch word "Cleik'um").

Supporters—dexter, a fox; sinister, a hare; rampant, collared, and leashed to two standards, azure, bearing the words "Live and let Live."

Crest—In a boat, or, a monk (St. Ronan's), attired, bearing a lantern and crook, vigilante.

Motto—"Watch and Præy."

A shield to the left displays the Scott arms, and that on the right contains a marshalled composition—a pen, an arrow, and a pastoral staff, with the names of "Bell," "Wilson," and "Hogg." The year of institution, "1826," and "Victoria R.I., 1897," is inscribed below. The four colours within the central shield are full of meaning to the herald. The head of Satan falls against a quartering of deep red, which signifies abatement of honours.



The base of the same charge is silver, signifying good. The head of the monk is silhouetted on a gold quarter, denoting the spiritual elevation and rank of his office. The lower quarter is sable, symbolising evil. The other portions of the design have a distinct reference to the district: the pursuits and manners of the period they recall. The supporters, a fox and a hare, are reminiscent of the hunt, for Innerleithen was part of the Forest of Ettrick and a royal hunting-ground. Instead of selecting regal deers rampant, the designers have contented themselves with discarding the venison of the nobles for these humbler animals of the chase. The decision gives the double rendering of the motto, "Watch and Præy," a dual application. These supporters are leashed to two tourney spears, reminding us of feudal engagements and an age of chivalry; one of the standards attached thereto displays the very magnanimous injunction, "Live and Let Live," insisting on the spirit of fair play as a principle to be practised.

"London is still empty"—of course, though "people" are beginning to come back. That is the usual news paragraph of the Silly Season. As a matter of fact, taking my own case, not one of the friends are away as I write these lines. And how sensible of them to linger still in London, for save in spring I do not know another season when it is more pleasant. As a matter of fact, as the *World* pointed out last week, the old craze of inordinate absences from town is dying out. Each year the clubs shorten their close-time, and people are content to put up with a diminished vacation at this season.

"There's not a soul in Rotten Row"—
The ladies' papers tell me so;
And yet, wherever else I go,
The Park is full.
For Demos lingers at the show
On chair and stool.

No more the blazoned coaches clank,
The ponies of my Lady Blank,
Well bearing-reined, no longer spank
In senseless line;
Yet in a hansom from the rank
You're free to shine.

Her Grace may seek another land,
Yet London's lovers hand in hand
Come out o' nights to hear the band
As heretofore,
And still, when darkness falls, they stand
Entranced by Spohr.

The white-gowned nurses and the lambs,
Who soon will follow Fashion's shams,
Have vanished with their mighty ma'ams
Where Fashion bids;
Their place is filled by humbler "prams"
And sticky kids.

When Sunday comes the church parade
Is scarcely in the least decayed.
For eastern belles and beaux invade
The shady walk—
Though Fashion might declare that "trade"
Did mark their talk.

This "London's-empty"-cry we raise
Is but a euphemistic phrase
To indicate that summer days
Are on the wane;
The belle departs; the gallant plays
The rural swain.

And yet my London's just the same,
Though dukes depart to slaughter game,
Though duchess fine and doughty dame
At Spas arrive.
The *Morning Post* may find it tame,
But I survive.

Mr. J. T. Newman, of Berkhamstead, supplements the paragraphs about the freaks of maternity in animals. He says—

Some months ago I witnessed a strange sight at Mr. Ward's, fishmonger, Berkhamstead. One of his hens took a strange fancy to a litter of eight spaniel pups, and would insist on sitting and brooding over them. This she continued to do for several weeks. The pups were in a stable, and had the run of the place, but wherever they roamed the hen followed, and at the first opportunity



A HEN ON A LITTER OF PUPPIES.
Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

would induce her adopted family to settle in a heap, and then mounting on the top she would sit like a queen on her throne, and dare all and sundry to approach. She had been driven off many times, but always returned to her charges. When I saw the pups they were about a month old, and they appeared to enjoy sleeping in a bunch as shown in the photograph. It was almost impossible to get a good negative, the light being bad, as, although the pups were quiet enough, the old hen was constantly twisting her head about, owing, I was informed, to the presence of the stranger with the camera. Singular to relate, the mother of the pups did not seem to object to the presence of the hen, and, beyond pushing her aside when she wished to suckle the pups, paid no further attention to the family, but left the hen in undisturbed possession.

You could not get a smarter set of dachshunds than those belonging to Mrs. Talbot Bruce. By birth an Australian, she is, like most of her countrywomen, devoted to horses and dogs. She came to England between three and four years ago, and soon after her arrival saw the dachshund Wodin, and bought him, and shortly after purchased the bitch Drachenfel, and from this pair has bred several prize-winners. Wodin is a red dog of small size (under fourteen pounds in weight), but every bit of him is thoroughly good. He is by Champion Jackdaw, out of Jessamy, and was born on October 11, 1894. He has won a first prize at Holland Park in June of last year, a first at Woolwich, a first at Cruft's in February, and two firsts at the Botanic Gardens. His home name is "Little Father," and he seems to prefer this title to his registered appellation, and he may well be proud of it, as he is the sire of the beautiful Doreen (now owned by Mrs. T. F. Blackwell), a winner of several first prizes; of Sweetbriar and Tooloo (both first-prize winners); of Mrs. Talbot Bruce's pet Taffy, who, though not yet two years old, having been born on Oct. 30, 1895, has already taken thirteen first prizes; of Tosca, who was first shown at Derby, where she won, and again at Newport, with the same pleasing result; at the Ladies' Kennel Association show she was first in her class, taking also the Challenge Puppy Cup, which had been won the previous year by her brother Taffy. That Taffy and Tosca should be home-bred ones makes the success all the more pleasing. Mrs. Talbot Bruce had the misfortune to lose the dam Drachenfel, whose place is now occupied by Jane Grey, who is by Jack



DACHSHUNDS: SMUT, GRAFINE, TAFFY, WODIN, AND JANE GREY.
Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

O'Dandy and Mignonette. Jane Grey has won eleven first prizes at such important shows as Birmingham, Romford, Enfield, Birkenhead, Derby, Bristol, and Portsmouth. In Drachenfel's last litter was Grafine, and great hopes are with every reason founded on this beautiful puppy, who will, in all probability, make her first public appearance at the Kennel Club Show which is to be held in the Crystal Palace in October. Another of this pretty quintette is Smut, a black-and-tan puppy, quite unlike the rest in colour, who was sired by Taffy.

This is serious news from Ireland about the appearance of grouse disease. Messrs. Tegetmeier and Harting of the *Field* have examined birds sent home from moors lying so far apart as Antrim and Waterford, and in each case there was no room for doubt; the grouse sent showed every symptom of the malady which causes such loss on Scottish moors. Grouse disease has never before, within Mr. Tegetmeier's long experience, been reported from an Irish moor; its appearance there now, he thinks, must be attributed to imported birds. Fresh blood on a moor is an excellent thing, but it does seem rather rash to obtain it from this side of St. George's Channel, when disease is known to be prevalent in many localities. The most disquieting feature about the business is that the malady should have appeared in two places so remote from each other as the Belfast and Clonmel districts.

I hear of a curious case of vulpine audacity from a Cavan correspondent, who, by the way, is anxious to impress upon me that he "does not live in a hunting country, worse luck." A couple of months ago his keeper caught one of a litter of foxes in a box-trap he had set for poaching cats, and the cub's bright eyes suggested to my friend's sister that he would make a charming pet. Accordingly, he was installed in an



MRS. TALBOT BRUCE WITH TAFFY.
Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

improvised cage till he would take food readily from her hands, when he was promoted to a collar and chain. A sufficiently light chain not being obtainable, a length of stout picture-wire, fitted with swivels, was used to tie the prisoner to his kennel, with the result that he speedily bit through the wire and left. "Now," adds my correspondent, "you might have thought, as I did, that about seven weeks of imprisonment without hard labour would have given that fox cub a distaste for our premises. Not so. After about a week he returned, easily recognisable by his collar, and took away a chicken from the enclosed poultry-yard, and he has gone on returning ever since, about five times a week, till he has run up a bill for either fifteen or sixteen chickens. Of course, he won't look at a trap, even though baited with a young rabbit. He prefers chickens. Sentence of death has been passed, but our late *protégé* is so clever that I doubt much whether we succeed in carrying it out." I certainly had not supposed the fox would make such use of the opportunities which were forced upon him. I suggest to my correspondent that the best way to dispose of any other captured fox cub would be to send him to some master of hounds whose coverts are not so well stocked as he could wish.

Mr. Asquith and family are spending their holiday, for the second season in succession, at St. Andrews, and on the famous golf links of the little city by the northern sea the right honourable gentleman passes a good number of hours daily. He is reported to have improved a great deal on his last year's form, and Tom Morris, the famous player, thinks that while Mr. Asquith can only, considering the practice he gets and his years, be regarded as a beginner, he is undoubtedly "shaping well." Last year Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, during their sojourn at St. Andrews, were devotees of the "wheel"; this season they have seldom been seen on the "bike," golf being their sole out-door amusement. There is a popular belief among the habitués of the links that Mr. Asquith is engrossed in work in the evenings, and when he returned home from the last "hole" the other day, Tom Morris was heard to exclaim, "Aye, he will go and write all night now."

Byronana seems inexhaustible. I have received an interesting note from a correspondent on the statement made in the May number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* that Byron nearly had a fit when he heard that Mary Duff had married a wine merchant, Robert Cockburn. "He need not have been ashamed," adds my correspondent, "of her marrying into one of the oldest families in Scotland, a family whose antiquity is authenticated in direct line back for very many centuries in Berwickshire, Haddington, and Midlothian." I think my correspondent accuses Byron of a snobbery of which he was guiltless. Byron would have had a fit if the girl had married a duke, for no man likes to hear of his sweetheart getting married to anybody else. However, the details I have received about Cockburn's lineage are so interesting that I print them.

Robert Cockburn, whom she married, was the fourth son of Archibald Cockburn, of Cockpen, Sheriff of Midlothian, Judge Admiral of Scotland, and Baron of the Exchequer. Many people have supposed that the "Laird of Cockpen" was one of these Cockburns, others that he was a Ramsay (Dalhousie), but both these suppositions must be incorrect; the song having been written at the beginning of last century, when Cockpen belonged to a family of the name of Ker, it is unlikely that the author should refer to a Ramsay who held the place previous to 1660, or to a Cockburn who bought the property about 1726. Robert Cockburn's grandfather purchased this property, and his father sold it to the Ramsays again about 1790. His great-grandfather, Archibald, was second son of Sir George Cockburn of Ormiston, whose grandson married Alison Rutherford, authoress of "The Flowers of the Forest." Ormiston had then belonged to the family for more than three hundred years, the original Cockburn proprietor having been John, second son of Sir Alexander Cockburn of Langton, who died in 1387. His direct descendant was the late Lord Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn. The first proved ancestor in direct line was Piers Cockburn, who inherited the lands of "Cockburn" during the reign of William the Lion, 1165-1214. Langton came to the family some years later. Almost every head of the families of Langton and Ormiston has held high appointments from the Crown (the Hereditary Ushership of Scotland was in the family from about 1370 till 1804).

I congratulate Sylvanus Urban, for the *Gentleman's Magazine* appeared last month for the two thousandth time.



It was founded at the beginning of 1731 by Edward Cave, a man of literary tastes and a publisher. He was the friend of Samuel Johnson, who made the Parliamentary sketches in the *Gentleman's* famous. It is a pity that the current issue does not summarise the history of the veteran magazine.

I dreamt that I slept at Madame Tussaud's,
With cut-throats and kings by my side,
And that all the wax figures in those abodes
At midnight became vivified.

So sang the bard of the "Comic Almanac" of exactly fifty years ago, and a very clever and characteristic etching by the inimitable George Cruikshank illustrates this striking event. Whether the King of Siam was haunted by the figures that he saw at this historic show, and dreamed of an animated Madame Tussaud's in the watches of the night, I cannot say, but it is

Alderman Gibbs, in a huff, sir—a huff, sir,
Had seized Lola Montez
At Fribourg and Pontet's,
For feeding his bull-dog on snuff, sir, on snuff, sir,

reported that the King was entirely delighted with the visit he paid there. Should he repeat his visit to this country, it is more than probable that he will find his own counterfeit presentment among the motley and ever-increasing assembly. Perhaps, indeed, he may figure as the hero of another ballad on the Tussaud subject which was popular a good many years ago—one in which I remember that—

I also dreamt the sun melted—oh la!
The nose of Lord Brougham and Vaux.

Mr. C. J. Abud, I hear, has made a successful start with his company playing the latest drama from the Pavilion Theatre, Shirley and Landeck's "The Hue and Cry."

Motor-carriage racing is another of the pastimes indulged in this summer by the rich Americans at Newport. Apropos of this and of the system of electric cabs just started here, a friend playfully suggests that the sudden irruption of a couple of horses into a City post-office and a Strand refreshment-room respectively may have been the harbinger of a widespread equine strike against the long-threatening motor-car invasion.

The Mormons, who, as I recently noted, have been celebrating their Jubilee lately, have queer ideas of rejoicings. Construction and destruction went hand in hand. In one of the chief streets of Utah a statue of Brigham Young was erected. A more striking celebration, however, was the shelling and blowing up of a steamer on the lake. The vessel, the *General Garfield*, was a fair-sized river-steamer, which has, until recently, been used in the passenger service on the Great Salt Lake. A quantity of dynamite was placed on board, and she was towed out about a mile from the pavilion at Garfield Beach and there anchored. From the beach the guns of the State Militia were trained upon her, and shot and shell fired into her until the dynamite exploded and blew her into atoms.

F. W. Sidney's three-act farce, "A Loving Legacy," produced at the Strand Theatre a year or two back, has been made into a musical comedy by Mr. Odoardo Barri.

Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, the successful adapter of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" for the stage, has virtually finished a new play, concerned with Garibaldi and the Carbonari, that he has been writing for Mr. Robert Taber, husband of Miss Julia Marlowe, whose successful production of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" has been treated exhaustively in these columns. Mr. Stanley Weyman's "A Gentleman in Black" is also being dramatised "on the other side," under the title of "A Man in Black."

I think that English daily journalism is beginning to realise at length what the careful manipulation of news really means. The great majority of morning papers are produced almost automatically, so that save for the few pages of local news one paper is precisely like another, inasmuch as the great news associations supply the mass of current topics. But here and there you find a paper—most notably the *Daily Mail*—which gives evidence in every number that a brain has been exercised in its production. Of course, not one of them has reached that point of manipulation which characterises nearly every American newspaper. The most remarkable instance which I have noticed recently of news manipulation is the romance which the *New York World* has built round Miss Flora Shaw. The English newspapers regarded her simply as a dry witness. The American journalist views her as a distinct personality in the confused squabble about South Africa. The imagination of the artist who drew the accompanying picture may strike you

CABINET MINISTER AND FEMINE NAPOLEON



A WOMAN WHO PROMPTED A WAR.

Amazing Revelation of Flora Shaw, of the London Times, Who First Suggested "Jameson's Raid"—How It Failed Because Her Cable Despatch Was Not Obedied.



HOW THE NEW YORK "WORLD"

VIEWED THE PART

PLAYED BY MISS FLORA SHAW

IN THE JAMESON RAID.



THE STATUE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.
Photo by Johnson, Salt Lake City.



The rebuilding of Highgate Archway evokes many memories to the lover of old suburban London, for about many parts of Highgate there still lingers something of the stately charm and countrified simplicity which belonged to the northern heights when George the Third was King. In those days Highgate Hill was regarded as a Mont Blanc by even the most adventuresome of stage-coach drivers, and a great many attempts were made to render the ascent and descent of the hill less difficult and dangerous. The first scheme to take practical effect was suggested by a Mr. Vazee, who proposed to drive a subterranean arched tunnel through the hill, and Parliament gave assent to an Act to carry out the proposal. A good many people would be richer to-day had their forebears not rashly invested in the "Highgate Archway Company," for, after the work had well commenced, the roof and sides of the tunnel suddenly fell in, and among the treasures now found occasionally in some old collection is a copy of the prospectus issued by some wag, in which was promulgated a scheme for the removal of the hill into the dale behind Caen Wood. This remarkable transformation was to take place by means of a huge patent slide, and on the spot where Highgate now stands there was to be a sea-water lake, stocked with herrings and sprats, and with shores duly ornamented with bathing-machines. Meanwhile, a house of detention for insane surveyors and attorneys was to be erected in the middle of Caen Wood!

As most people know, what was actually done after the collapse of the tunnel was the cutting of the present Archway Road. From the present archway can be seen one of the most splendid views of London, the dome of St. Paul's standing out majestically above the City. But soon the old-fashioned brick archway will be replaced by a handsome span of ornamental iron, the design by Sir A. R. Binnie, the engineer of the London County Council. The cost will be borne by five authorities, the London County Council, the Middlesex County Council, the Islington Vestry, the Hornsey District Council, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. During the progress of the work the foot-passenger traffic down Hornsey Lane and the Archway Road will not be appreciably interfered with.

Mr. William Drysdale is contributing some interesting letters to the *New York Tribune* about curious aspects of London life. He attributes the block of traffic in the streets to the 'buses, and advocates elevated railways—which Heaven forbid! There are 2130 omnibuses plying in the streets, and he calculates that, with its two horses, each 'bus occupies at least twenty feet of space. So the room taken up by 'buses equals 42,600 feet, or a little more than eight miles. Then there are, in round numbers, 16,000 hansoms and four-wheelers, occupying fully 12 linear feet each, giving a total of 192,000 feet, or more than 36 miles. Eight miles of omnibuses and 36 miles of cabs make a total of 44 miles. Besides these, there are 58 lines of street cars, on which 1100 cars are constantly running, occupying, let us say, 25 feet each, or 27,500 feet in all, or something over five miles. This brings the occupied space up to 49 miles, and the railway omnibuses, plying between station and station, are plenty enough to bring the grand total up to an even 50 miles—50 miles of public conveyances constantly moving in the streets.

I am very glad to note that there is an outcry against the shameful condition of that dirty little river the Brent, and that in the districts of Hanwell and Ealing a stray case of typhoid fever has set the public mind ablaze. For some years I spent a great part of my time in the neighbourhood of this unpleasant stream, which, no broader than a ditch in many parts, emits an odour that would make a skunk jealous. The waters round the old church of Perivale are, or were, black and thick; nobody had ever caught a fish there, and, had all the fish in the Thames found accommodation in the Brent, they would have been left severely alone, because the natives know that chances of fish are largely discounted by certainties of fever. If the Brent flowed through a part of the

country as poor as that through which the once-dirty Lea meanders, there would be reason, if not excuse, for the continuation of the dirty state. Hanwell and Ealing are rich districts; Ealing has a very low death-rate, and has been called the healthiest suburb of London. Naturally, local governing bodies do not wish their town to fall from its high estate, and it behoves them to set to work without further delay. The unchecked dirtiness of the Brent has been getting worse and worse every year, now it is unbearable, and calls for prompt reform. Failing this reform, Ealing and Hanwell will soon lose a popularity they have done much to deserve.

Last week, while devoting the early hours of an August morning to a pleasant ride through Buckinghamshire lanes, I chanced upon the little village of Stoke. It is a tiny collection of small cottages, set in the heart of the prettiest landscape that ever pleased the passing eye, and a little way beyond is an old church, with old-fashioned wooden steeple, standing in the most peaceful "God's acre" I have ever seen. As I rambled through, admiring the flowers that grew upon every grave, I noticed a small tablet by one of the windows, and found that the stone to which it called attention marked the grave of the poet Gray. I had found by happy accident the spot where the poet wrote the famous "Elegy" that lives even in the day when his name upon the tombstone has been worn away by the wind and rain. The "rugged yew-tree" still casts a welcome shade by the church-porch; it is a tree of very great age, knotted, gnarled, and twisted, while here and there the shade owes more to dead branches than to living leaves. I was told that Stoke Church receives many visitors during the year, most of them being

Americans. In some meadow-land near the tombstone there is a huge and ugly memorial to the poet's memory—a meaningless shape, upon whose stony sides are traced verses from the "Elegy" and another poem. Time and neglect are beginning to treat the ugly erection harshly; yet one cannot be sorry, for it does but awkward honour to the great man who lies asleep in the ground his gifts made famous. When one goes to Stoke Churchyard the assistance that Nature gave the poet is revealed. It is a lonely spot.

Theatrical people, as I have often before pointed out, are peculiarly quick in adapting themselves to the jargon and topics of the times. Here is a case in point. A pantomimist and ballet performer of some reputation is now pleased to call himself "The Klondyke Nugget."

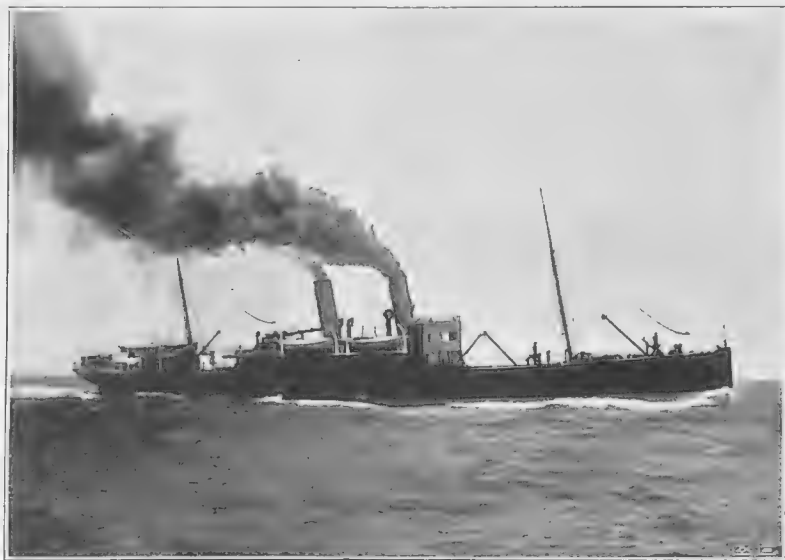


THE VIEW FROM HIGHGATE ARCHWAY.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

H.M.S. *Whiting* is one of the new 33-knot torpedo-boat destroyers built by Messrs. Palmer and Co., Jarrow-on-Tyne, commanded by Lieutenant Barton, with a complement of fifty-eight men. She is armed with a 12-pounder forward and five 6-pounders in other parts of the vessel. Displacement, 300 tons; length, 210 ft.; beam, 21 ft. 7 in.; maximum draught, 5 ft. 8 in.; indicated horse-power, 6000; total first cost, £50,000; two torpedo-tubes and a coal-carrying capacity of 80 tons. She has now started for the China station. When photographed she was steaming 32·8 knots.

One of the most varied ways by which the Londoner can reach Scotland is by taking one of the steamers of the excellent Carron line to Grangemouth. The effect of the voyage is very bracing, and of the experiences on land at the end of your destination I need not speak. The biggest steamer in the service is the *Avon*, a vessel of 1722 gross tonnage. The company, of course, is named after the Carron Iron Works, situated three miles west of Grangemouth. The Carron Company hold and work for themselves extensive mines of iron ore, coal, and limestone, owning property in nine parishes of the county. The company have at present, for their cargo trade, a fleet of four first-class screw steamers plying regularly between Grangemouth and London, and Hull and Lynn, as also a fleet of some sixteen small screw-steamers running on the canal between Grangemouth and Glasgow, in connection with their deep-sea steamers sailing from the former port. The works at Carron cover an area of about thirty acres; and no fewer than half-a-dozen villages in the district—Carron, West Carron, Carron-



THE STEAMER "AVON."

Photo by W. Parry.

shore, Stenhousemuir, and Larbert—derive their support, directly or indirectly, from the company and the various employees—a circumstance almost without parallel in the history of British industry. The company issue a neat guide to their route, which you may get from Pitt and Scott, of Cannon Street.

The accompanying photograph of a few of the members of the Ladies' Swimming Club at Sheerness-on-Sea shows the bathing-raft moored about a hundred yards from the bathing station on the beach. It is much patronised, and is a source of great amusement to a great number of swimmers and visitors to the town for diving purposes, &c.

Immoderate bathers, be they at Boulogne or at Brighton, should take warning from the sad history of the Cola-pesce (a kind of shiny fish from which glue is made), which was extant in Mediterranean waters. In old wives' tales this creature was supposed to be a man-fish of the merman type, but graver historians reduced him to a man who became amphibious. When a lad this Cola (probably Nicholas) took to sea-bathing as his pastime, and presently became ill if for one day he omitted his customary swim. With manhood this habit grew upon him. He was ever in the water, sometimes swimming sixteen or seventeen Spanish leagues right off the reel, stemming the fiercest storms, picking up victuals from passing barques that he hailed, and even acting as courier from ship to ship and port to port.

He finally lost his life in diving for a cup of gold thrown into the sea by a king, just as in Schiller's ballad, and was never seen again. Out of his history were made these stories of the man-fish, and likewise of the ordinary merman, who used to lie in wait for the bathers of earlier days.



H.M.S. "WHITING," FASTEST WARSHIP AFLOAT.

Photo by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

It will probably give a thrill to Mr. W. E. Henley and the many clever young men whom he gathered around him to hear that the *National Observer* has ceased to exist. Not long since it was amalgamated, as is well known, with the *British Review*, a journal conducted under the auspices of Mr. W. H. Mallock. Mr. Mallock was one of the many interesting demonstrations that we have seen that a man may be a clever writer and not a clever editor. He contributed some very bright and interesting articles to the *British Review*, and he associated with him some very able writers. Mr. Andrew Lang, for example, has written more than one brilliant book-notice in the *British Review* during the brief period of its existence. Mr. Mallock, however, did not long remain editor; he would have seemed to have discovered his limitations, and would probably be better employed in writing a new novel, into which he can introduce his journalistic experiences. Meanwhile, in bidding farewell to the *British Review* and *National Observer*, now defunct, I am tempted to point a moral for the benefit of the proprietors, to the effect that it is cheapest in the long run to purchase a good editorial brain. There are other factors, no doubt, which go to make the success of a paper besides good editing, but the public will not buy a dull and stodgy paper which has no particular aim. The proprietors of the *British Review* probably thought that they had only to collect together a certain number of articles by clever people and that the journal would find purchasers—an egregious mistake which one is glad to find thus summarily stamped upon.

At the Geological Congress, which meets in St. Petersburg this month, Nansen is expected. It is rumoured that the ladies of St. Petersburg are going to present the explorer with a large carpet on which a map of the world is to be embroidered in coloured silks; those places which have been visited by Nansen are to be embroidered in gold and silver. Under the map is an embroidered *Fram*.



LADY BATHERS AT SHEERNESS-ON-SEA.

Photo by Hider, Sheerness-on-Sea.

THE CHARMS OF CONNEMARA.

Photographs by Welch, Belfast.



A HILLSIDE FARM, CASHEL.



KYLEMORE CASTLE, CONNEMARA.

THE PLAGUE IN POONA.

Photographs by Stewart, Poona.

The plague in India, which at one time not only threatened the health but also the government of its population, has so far abated that the danger may be said to be over. The plague came to Bombay from Hong-Kong, where it almost devastated the Chinese of that colony. What ship or what man brought it to Bombay has never been discovered, and will probably never be known; but come it did, and one of the first omens of its arrival was that rats crowded from the fields, even in broad daylight, into the houses and died there. They died of the plague, the exact same disease as man suffers from. Probably the plague was spread and carried by rats more than by human beings, for people living in houses where the rats flocked to die quickly caught the plague too. It is one of the most hideous diseases with which men can be struck down; they are struck down in a day, and die quickly and miserably. They become like Job, a running mess of boils, hideous to



A DARK PATIENT IN ENGLISH HANDS.



A PLAGUE EXPRESSION: PARALYSED.

The plague-mark consisted of a perpendicular stroke of paint; when the house was disinfected, this mark was crossed by one stroke, and when it was whitewashed, by two strokes. Whatever had come in contact with the body or breath of one suffering from the plague, bedding, clothes, dishes, furniture, even flooring, walls, and entire houses were built in great pyres made of dried cow-dung, and cleaned off the face of the earth by the most powerful of all antiseptics or germ-killers, fire and flame. The isolation of patients and the burning of infected stuff brought the Indian officials and soldiers into conflict with the natives, who think that Fate ought to be submitted to in all things. It is only too fresh in our memories how gallant and brave Indian officers and British soldiers lost their lives, or had their reputations attacked, just because they put their own lives to the touch that they might save the people of India from the plague. Indeed, the soldier in India has to perform many a difficult task, but under all circumstances he carries out his duties with great conscientiousness.

themselves and their friends. There can be no doubt that a French scientist has discovered and extracted the living virus that causes plague. By certain intricate processes, with which medical men are now becoming familiar, it is possible to cultivate and keep this virus alive in tubes and from it to derive a substance which, when injected into a sound animal, keeps it from being stricken with the plague. Luckily the plague has abated; the exact reason why it has ceased its ravages we cannot quite tell, but if the worst had happened, this discovery of the French savant might have saved millions of our fellow-subjects. The cure was discovered when too late; besides, we are a too practical people to depend on theoretical measures. Measures of the most stringent kind were undertaken; people in affected districts were prevented from passing into healthy parts, because they would have carried with them the seeds of the plague. Infected houses were signalled, as shown in one of the accompanying photographs, by certain marks.



A PLAGUE EXPRESSION.

THE APPEARANCE OF POONA.

Photographs by Stewart, Poona.



GLIMPSE OF THE SEGREGATED CAMP AT POONA.



SHOWING HOUSES WITH THE PLAGUE MARK



TWO BODIES ON THE FUNERAL PYRE IN THE CREMATION GROUND FOR HINDOOS ON THE POONA RIVER.



A STREET OF UNROOFED HUTS, WITH ROUGH SHELTERS ON THE RIGHT.



HOLES MADE BY THE TROOPS IN INFECTED QUARTERS FOR VENTILATION.



A SUMMER GIRL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

If the pioneer in fiction have a hard time of it, there are also penalties attaching to the most orthodox followers of the reigning schools. The more orthodox they are, in fact, the more they feel the stress of competition, and the more industrious must they be in invention. There is no kind of writing so full of conventions as the popular historical novel, so called—that is, the swashbuckler story, which, for the look of the thing, introduces some public character of an earlier age. The fiction of the Sunday School is freer from them; nay, a legal document is less bound by traditions. If but respect be paid to these, and they are easily learnt, the man or woman does not exist who could not build, on the framework they suggest and protect, a story that would pass muster with adventure-greedy boys and tired men. Distinction, then, must be hardly won by the number and the novelty of the incidents which can be crammed into the space bounded by the said conventions; and young writers are apt to err by over-effort in this direction, either from generosity of soul or from the fear that the inventiveness of another may outstrip theirs, unless there is a new and stirring episode on every page. Mr. Andrew Balfour is evidently a new writer in this prodigal or this timid condition. "By Stroke of Sword" (Methuen) is a close mosaic of fights and hairbreadth escapes and doughty deeds. Its writer may rest assured he has surpassed all his contemporary rivals in the number of these; and in saying so we have done our best for the book in the eyes of the boys. Our further opinions, our niggling criticisms, do not concern them. The story shows energy, at least; and admirers of Mr. Weyman and his school may find it entertaining; but if Mr. Balfour be a serious aspirant for honours in fiction, the critics are not likely to give a very decided opinion on his merits till he writes a story with about a tenth of the number of incidents here, and shows how he would use his elbow-room. The reader of "By Stroke of Sword" cannot put a word or a reflection in edgeways concerning any one of its adventures, ere another and still another come crowding on, pell-mell, helter-skelter. In the end the thing has the air of being done for a wager, a wager depending on novelty as well as number. The novelty is attained, but in a desperate way, suggestive of late sittings and cold tea, instead of the open-air inspiration that led on the heroes of the story; and when we reach the scene where Jeremy clutches the boa-constrictor by the throat in the dark of the hollow tree, and dances with it and about it to prevent its winding itself round him, we reward the ingenious writer by a feeling of distaste rather than by the shudder he strove so hard to produce. This feverish determination not to be dull, to provide amusement for every half-minute of the time given to the story, has made anything like good writing or distinctive character-drawing impossible. It is, in fact, the boy's "penny dreadful" taking itself seriously and masquerading in the guise of the six-shilling novel. There are many duller, feebler adventure-tales in the field—Mr. Balfour has considerable dash and vigour—but his story points to the ignoble end (for the present) to which this popular kind of fiction, which has attracted so much of the imaginative ability of our time, is drifting.

"Gyp" has again been victimised. Her "Bijou" has appeared in English, and "Gyp" in English is very flat champagne indeed. All the sparkle and all the incidental charm have gone, be the translator never so clever; and to most of us what is left after that is not much worth having. But, though "Bijou" certainly does not bear the translation well, perhaps it bears it a little better than some others, for it happens to have a rather substantial and an interesting fabric, and the substance remains after the grace has passed. The heroine is presented in a masterly fashion, and there will not be many readers but will succumb to her charm, and only make slow discovery of the venom at the root of the sweet flower. She is the flirt in its highest manifestation, but I think in a guise impossible in England. Had an English "Bijou" been so docile, dutiful, and childlike, she could not have combined these qualities with wit and sprightliness, and the number of her lovers and her victims would have been the less. A supreme artist, she is so by dint of the supreme pains French men and women take to become such. English girls of flirting habits are too frivolous and slipshod for a career such as Bijou's, which demands industry, tact, intelligence, and a patient study of each possible admirer's weaknesses or wants. Indeed, her career is at many points hardly distinguishable from that of the virtuous, though she broke many hearts and callously accepted the homage of two suicides. So, without the piquancy, without the effervescence of the original, there is still something to be got out of the English version which Miss Hallard has made for Messrs. Hutchinson. In its soberest form the book is still a bright spot in a dull season.

Professor Knight is bringing to a close his long and most satisfactory labours on Wordsworth. The eighth volume of the Poetical Works (Macmillan) has appeared, and in it is included a Bibliography. When the Life has been revised, we shall have a Wordsworth admirable in every respect, no easy thing to produce, seeing what are the difficulties caused by the immense varieties of the text. Another recent addition which Messrs. Macmillan have made to their delightful Eversley Library is Green's "Making of the English Nation," now issued in two convenient volumes.

The Sixpenny Library of Messrs. Downey and Co. gives excellent value for money. Each volume is well printed, is a handy size, and is very light. Thus "Esmond" weighs less than nine ounces. The series so far includes "Oliver Twist," "Midshipman Easy," "The O'Donoghue," "Frankenstein," and "Basil." The yellow cover has a nice old-fashioned touch about it.

o. o.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The present flare of war along the Indian border has been hailed by some of our Continental critics as a sort of preliminary beacon-fire to signal the downfall of perfidious Albion, in India and generally. And certainly the heather has caught with surprising alacrity and as near an approach to universality as is possible in mountainous districts. The notion, always advanced by the Fleet Street prophets that know everything (except, occasionally, grammar), that foreign instigation is at the back of all this trouble, is more plausible than usual. For the Radical theory, reinforced by some experts, that it all comes from the occupation of Chitral, is obviously insufficient. The Afridis know little and care less about Chitral; and the tribes along the road thither have already gone in, and have apparently got as much as they want for the present. Indeed, some of our journalists, seeing that some more efficient cause is needed to account for the Khyber trouble, have in their amiable way inferred that there must have been some outrage, or at least some terrible blunder by our frontier officers, to provoke so serious an attack.

The theory is a familiar one; whenever uncivilised and civilised come together and quarrel, our philanthropists infer that the civilised is invariably to blame—that is, when the civilised are their own countrymen. But the hill tribes of the Afghan frontier have a record that should give even our humanitarians pause before they give them the benefit of that dear old lie of Jean Jacques Rousseau's, the natural goodness of man. An Afridi needs no extraordinary provocation to make him start on a raid; rather, as Mulvany might put it, he requires extraordinary provocation to keep him from so doing at every inconvenient moment. When the wolves try to leap the wall of the fold, it is rarely because their religious or social sentiments have been outraged by the insolence of the watch-dogs. It is quite enough that there is mutton on the other side of the wall.

There does not seem any special reason for the extent of the rising in local causes. The influence of the Sultan is not likely to be felt at such a distance, and Russian intrigue is improbable at a time when we have no dispute of any importance with Russia. The discontent at the sanitary measures taken against the plague is rather Hindoo than Mohammedan, and an Afridi would cut the throat of a Congress-Wallah with as great readiness as that of Tommy Atkins; though possibly with less pleasure, for the tribesman loves a fight. That there is unrest owing to famine, and plague, and lies may be known to the frontier tribes; and they may exaggerate the consequent disaffection, and hope for a weakening of the frontier forces; but how comes it that they have all appreciated their opportunity at the same time?

There is one fact about the tribes now attacking our forts—it is futile to call them rebels, for a good many have never been subdued, and are merely required to keep reasonably quiet and not stop the traffic. They are almost all on or near the Afghan border. If we ask who is at the back of the rising, the answer, speaking geographically, is, "The Ameer." Are we to think that this is the answer morally as well? It looks painfully like a just inference.

If the Ameer were the firmly established ruler of an orderly state, there would be no doubt on the matter. Here is a border district between two states, divided between their two "spheres of influence," although not altogether reduced to order by either. Suddenly, by apparently preconcerted action, the tribes on both sides of the borderline make an attack on the frontier posts of one of these states. The ruler of the other country issues a proclamation, indeed, against such violence, but apparently takes no active part in repressing the movement. As between civilised states, such conduct would be a *casus belli*.

But Afghanistan is not a civilised state, by any means, nor is it a country from which any particular satisfaction can be got by civilised methods, whether diplomatic or warlike. British armies have occupied it three times, and there is little doubt that, if anything could be made of the land, we should have annexed it. The present dilemma is not pleasant, for to subsidise a potentate who is more than suspected of intriguing against us looks like weakness; but war is infinitely worse. It is not so much the overthrow of an Ameer that is difficult; Dost Mohammed was a finer man than Abdurrahman, and yet his power collapsed with hardly a struggle before the power of British steel and British gold. But the question is what to do with the Afghans afterwards; and the only answer is—leave them to themselves again. It seems hardly worth while conquering on such terms, for Orientals generally believe that retreat means defeat.

Probably—nay, certainly—the tribes will get their lesson, and leave forts alone for the present; our doubtful friend, the Ameer, will make a show of repressing them, and continue to draw his subsidy; India will quiet down; and Continental writers will continue to predict the speedy collapse of perfidious Albion, till somebody makes it worth their while to say something else.

MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Mr. Edmund Gosse has been protesting, not for the first time, against the tyranny of the novel. The overmastering appetite for fiction, he says, is robbing us of our philosophers and historians. Stevenson was an admirable essayist, who yielded to the public craving for tales. Mrs. Humphry Ward is lost to criticism, Mr. George Moore to candid sociology, Mr. H. G. Wells to physical science. We have reached such a pass that the public is scarcely capable of assimilating an idea; it can only throb over legends of mystery and adventure, or follow Mrs. Humphry Ward's fashionable ladies along the path of social reform which leads through ball-rooms to the East End. What is this art of fiction, after all, that it should exercise such an evil fascination over minds fitted for higher things? Mr. Gosse has a poor opinion of it. He esteems the historian who, despite his knowledge and judgment, cannot put two sentences together; he applauds the "young versemen" who, by assiduous cultivation of prosody, have acquired a technique. But what is story-writing but the babble of a clever man "under the hawthorn"? Mr. Wells might be carrying on the tradition of Huxley; and yet he would rather tell "horrible little stories about monsters." If he spent his time in fashioning sonnets, Mr. Gosse might forgive him; but he turns thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, to fables which threaten the ruin of English prose.

Well, this craze for dropping into fiction infects nearly every literary temperament. In France there are few men of letters who have not written novels. There the candid sociologist often finds the story the best medium for his observation. Would Mr. Gosse have had Flaubert write a history of Carthage instead of "Salammbô"? Stevenson felt, no doubt, that the essay was too abstract, that his ideas needed the personation of imaginary character, that the dramatic representation of life, in short, is the crowning destiny of the literary artist. Every writer of stories is not a born story-teller; but this shows that fiction has some irresistible seduction for the artistic faculty. Observe the growth of your favourite anecdote. You never tell it twice in the same form; a new version springs so readily to your lips that you are astonished at your own inspiration. I have a beautiful legend about a certain adventure in Chicago; and, if I had preserved the various editions, I believe they would furnish the student with a remarkable example of the subjection of veracity to the creative instinct. Of late I have always wound up the anecdote by remarking with intense conviction, "I think you will agree with me that this is a singular picture of manners in the nineteenth century"; but when the fever of narration is over I perceive that the singularity of the picture is due chiefly to its variation from the story as I told it on the previous occasion.

Here you have the germ (Mr. Gosse might call it the microbe) of novel-writing, the perpetual desire to improve the facts by selection and invention. Life, in its raw state, is distressfully jagged and incoherent; so the novelist gives it a technique which provides continuity and abridges dullness. There are long intervals when life has no more significance than the recurrence of an egg at breakfast. By reducing these to their proper scale, the novelist is able to describe careers which never have an uninteresting moment. His people, indeed, are always busy for your entertainment—a more conspicuous departure from truth than the successive affidavits of my Chicago adventure. How many persons of your acquaintance shape their lives for your diversion, skipping the dull parts and conducting every chapter to an artistic close? As they are too selfish to discharge this office, the novelist does it for them; and if he is deft at the job, why should he be reviled as the enemy of English literature? It may be allowed that, in the multitude of story-tellers, there are only too many who merely spin incredible yarns with the crudest artifice; but how do they tyrannise over Mr. Gosse? He is not compelled to read them; they are entirely outside the province of literature, within which there are agreeable masters of fantasy who cannot be called tyrants because they do not write history, essays, and minor verse.

The tyranny of success is a nightmare which probably hastened the end of one novelist in our generation. In the September *Harper's* Mr. Henry James gives a weird account of the melancholia with which the unparalleled popularity of "Trilby" overwhelmed George Du Maurier. The public craze tortured him; it was as if a man of modest proportions found that he could not take a walk without throwing a gigantic shadow over two hemispheres. Possibly some professors of Du Maurier's literary craft will be surprised by his susceptibility. If the fortune of "Trilby"

were to crown their efforts, they would not be struck by any disproportion between the success and the merit. But here was a writer so constituted that day and night were made miserable for him by the thought of responsibility to the huge public which clamoured for more. Mr. Henry James tells us how Du Maurier's personality, so assertive and so impatient of criticism, became "mildly humorous," as if his triumph were so stupendous a caricature that he could no longer take himself with any pretence of gravity. Here is a depth of humour rarely accorded to man. There is no irony in life like the incongruity between reputation and desert; but for the person most nearly concerned to perceive this in all its richness, and to subside under the weight of it into an attitude of jocular apology, is a phenomenon to which the sociology of literary men furnishes no parallel.

Soldiers have hitherto enjoyed a repute for modesty which is seriously disturbed by Captain Mahan. The biographer of Nelson looks out upon the universe, and sees in it few people of any account, except soldiers and sailors. Huge standing armies are, in his opinion, necessary to the maintenance of peace and virtue. What is religion but the glorification of the warrior? When people are most deeply moved by the sense of piety, they sing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Captain Mahan gravely assures us that the virtues of the soldier are the perfection of humanity. If you think war, on the whole, abominable, you forget that Christ, though King of Peace, was also King of Righteousness; by which reminder Captain Mahan apparently desires to convey that righteousness is impossible without sword and gun. Evidently the parson must come down from the pulpit, and his place be taken by a hero in a cocked-hat and a uniform, who will explain to the congregation how the profession of arms, which compels a man to fight, whether his country be right or wrong, is the highest expression of morality. He will also explain how the discipline of barracks, where, as Mr. Kipling says, single men do not grow like plaster saints, is superior to the domestic influences of civil life, and how the great military merit of what Captain Mahan calls "self-control" is exemplified by the social conditions of the British Army in India.

This attempt to make the soldier the chief pattern of righteousness, and to reduce the Founder of Christianity to the rank of a field-marshal, is characteristic of a spirit which finds its most significant embodiment in the military caste of Germany. The German officer, if a civilian brushes against him and declines to apologise, must promptly avenge his honour by murdering an unarmed man. After that, he will read with complacency what Captain Mahan says about military heroism and self-sacrifice, and applaud Queen Nathalie's poetical tribute to the soldiers as the "angels who stand before the throne of God." Some day, says the American oracle, the armies of civilisation are to cope with the vastly greater numerical forces of outer barbarism, and subdue them to European and American standards of right and wrong. It may be doubted whether the Moslem and the Chinaman would profit much, in a moral sense, from military schooling by the German Emperor. Any way, the mere civilian may protest against this tyranny of the sword which Captain Mahan would set up for our edification, and especially for the correction of what he calls "lawlessness." At present the law and the gospel are not within the jurisdiction of a court-martial; and there is no reason to suppose that progressive communities will consent to be taught righteousness at the drum-head.

An accomplished literary critic takes up the cudgels for the split infinitive—that is, for the right of free men to strongly differ, and not to differ strongly, from purists who would even forbid the use of "and which." He says the split infinitive is essential to the vigour of the national speech; and he defends "and which" on the ground that the best French writers, in the same connection, write "*et qui*"—

*Of old the giddy writing man
Was told by stern grammarian,
If he would with a conscience live,
To shun the split infinitive,
And never venture to enrich
His budding essays with "and which."*

*But now the connoisseur of style
Greets these injunctions with a smile,
Asks why tradition should deter
The scribe who wants to greatly err,
And why, in Gallic prose, we see
No interdict upon *et qui*.*

*Soon may this great example spread
Where grammar grips the urchin's head,
Where teachers daily imprecate
The tongue that drops the aspirate.
That tongue will cry from desk and bench,
"There ain't no 'orrid 'h' in French!"*

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE OCTAVE OF CLAUDIUS."*

In "The Octave of Claudius," Mr. Barry Pain has achieved a brilliant success in a difficult undertaking—that of making the improbable credible under sceptical conditions. It is comparatively easy to make the improbable credible if, so to say, you darken your stage by laying your scene in a far-off time or country, in an unfamiliar environment and among strange personages; but the scene and time of "The Octave of Claudius" is the London of to-day, while its characters are for the most part so lifelike as to seem drawn from life direct. Nevertheless, we are made to believe in the Mephistophelian doctor, in the diabolical bargain he proposes to Claudius, and in Claudius' improbable acceptance, and yet more improbable observance, of the conditions of the bond.

Claudius, disinherited by his eccentric father on the preposterous ground of his refusal to marry a spiritualist impostor old enough to be his mother, is reduced in London to a state of absolute starvation. He lay down to die of it on Wimbledon Common, and would have died there but for the intervention of the doctor.

The doctor has Claudius removed to his house, where he restored him, almost instantaneously, with a skill that seemed miraculous, to health and strength, and treated him with the most winning consideration and kindness. Claudius is naturally anxious to repay so many debts, and a mode of ample repayment is suggested to him by his benefactor, which was itself suggested to the doctor by an incident in his patient's narrative of the days of his destitution. In those days Claudius had, in a spirit of bitter jest, offered the Shylock who had bought the very bed from under him for a song to sell himself, body and soul, for one thousand pounds and one year to spend it in. On this hint the doctor spake—

"Sandell," said the doctor seriously, "I want a man who will trust me so far that he will make over to me, asking no questions, the remainder of his life, for the consideration—eight thousand pounds—that I am prepared to offer. He must come to me as he would come to death itself, putting his past behind him and away from him, giving up himself, body and soul, to me. Twice recently have I found a man who would have been willing to have placed that trust in me, but in neither case could I have trusted the man. Sooner or later he would have gone back on his bargain, and, of course, the law would not have helped me. But I trust you. If you give me your word of honour, I do not want other security. I do not offer more than you are worth to me—indeed, I am not wealthy enough to offer you as much as you are worth. You would leave me under an obligation. I offer eight thousand pounds, and I give you eight days."

Claudius, having had overpowering proof not of the doctor's kindness only, but of his kindliness, and of his exquisitely sensitive consideration for the feelings of his beneficiary, naturally supposed that the services which would be required of him could involve nothing worse than co-operation in, perhaps, repulsive scientific experiments. Accordingly, he accepted, after some hesitative consideration, the doctor's terms. When he accepted them he was destitute, desolate, and desperate. He had not a penny or a friend, while his only tie of relationship had been severed by his eccentric father. No sooner, however, had he accepted the doctor's terms than Fortune, after her usual fashion, smiled ironically upon him.

She either gives a stomach and no food,
Or else a feast and takes away the stomach.

Within this octave she poured upon Claudius, in tantalising and torturing abundance, everything she had denied him when he could have enjoyed it. His novel, which had been again and again rejected, is accepted in the most flattering terms by a publisher. His Stock Exchange speculations treble his capital; his father, reconciled to him, settles upon him a fine income; and last and best (and worst) of all he meets the most charming girl in the world, who loves him, and whom he loves to distraction. Angela answers to her name—a divine girl, who, like the ugly duckling, came out of a strange nest, the daughter of a silly, vulgar mother and of a father who is a mere business machine. Claudius' first meeting with her and their dinner-table talk is better than anything of its kind that we have read for a long time; but it is not as good as the exquisite and pathetic scene, which we cannot give at length, where they—

Caught up the whole of love
and uttered it,
And bade adieu for ever!

But they had to part for ever, and he returns to the doctor at the last stroke of the last hour of the octave, having now a grim foreboding of the frightful fate to which he had sold himself. The doctor cares nothing for men, but is enthusiastic for Man. He would eagerly sacrifice a whole hecatomb of individuals to advance the race a step, and he is on the very verge of a discovery that will advance the race by leaps and bounds.

"I see—yes, in my mind's eye, I actually see—this new humanity. It walks erect, cringing to no mystery. It holds the keys of life and death, of heaven and hell. It is the master of its fate, makes its character, moulds its physique, has just what intellect it wills. And all that may happen if I will tell it, as I hope to tell it, some two or three things."

There is a single link lacking in the chain of his induction, and Claudius is needed to supply that link. How, the doctor explains when his purchase surrenders himself at the striking of the last stroke of the hour of the octave—

"I want to tell you how things stand. When the time comes I shall ask you to allow me to administer an anæsthetic. After a time you will regain consciousness. Then, from thirty to fifty seconds, you will suffer. The anæsthetic will be administered again immediately." The doctor paused.

"And when I regain consciousness the second time?"

The doctor lit a cigar, blew out the match, and flung it into the grate. "You will not regain consciousness the second time. That will be—in fact, that will be all."

To-morrow the doctor intends to take him on board his yacht in order to vivisect him with impunity either on the high seas or abroad. But that very night the doctor's soul is required of him. His wife, whom grief for her lost child, hopeless love for Claudius, and above all, the slow, cold snake-like malignity of her husband had driven mad, stole down into the laboratory, where the doctor had fallen asleep, and took a knife from the case of instruments. "The bright edge of the thing she held in her hand attracted her attention. 'B-r-r-r-r, b-r-r-r-r, b-r-r-r-r,' she said in her throat, imitating the sound of the grindstone. Dr. Lamb began to move his head. In a moment she flung herself upon him, and thrust, and hacked, and pulled."

"The Octave of Claudius" is a singularly thrilling story, impossible to lay down, but the chief merits and the chief charms of the book lie in its humour, its satire, its subtle studies of character, its vivid descriptions, and its brilliant conversations. RICHARD ASHE KING.



MR. BARRY PAIN.

From the Painting by his Father-in-Law, Mr. Rudolf Lehmann

* "The Octave of Claudius." By Barry Pain. Harper Brothers.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MISTAKES.

BY FRANK SAMUEL.

All stories nowadays which are worth their salt—or, at any rate, the particular grain thereof which the discreet usually take with them—should have their moral; and this story, if story it can be called, is no exception. The true and eventful history which is here handed down to posterity goes to prove (though this is, of course, not intended for publication in Gath) that the matrons of our English aristocracy, and particularly those of them who have daughters to marry and sons *pas encore rangés* whom they are anxious to “place,” are often credited with the possession of far more foresight than they are actually equipped with.

Let us take, for example, the case of Lady Sharpe, a lady reputed to be one of the “smartest” of her sex. She certainly ought to have thought twice before engaging Mdlle. de la Ruche to come and give her daughters lessons in French conversation. Not that I have a word to say against Mdlle. de la Ruche: it was certainly no fault of hers if she found favour in the sight of the son of the house. Nor, again, did it show any want of taste on the part of the gentleman aforesaid that she should have done so. Mademoiselle was very pretty indeed: the word “bobbish” would describe her perfectly, but you are probably unacquainted with the epithet (more’s the pity!). Her tailor-made dress always fitted her like a glove; she had brown hair, blue eyes, and a sweet little winning face, dear little hands, and feet to match; and then, too, she was always, as if by instinct, neatly and tautly *chaussée* and *gantée*; she possessed the mysterious quality known as “charm,” and all her girl pupils called her a little dear; and, of course, praise from girl pupils is praise indeed.

The son of the house, Lord Vealamours, was in his second year at Cambridge when Mademoiselle was engaged as governess to his sisters; and the incident with which we are concerned took place when he came up to town to spend the beginning of his second Long Vacation at the town house in Berkeley Square before joining a reading-party in Wales. What Lady Sharpe might well have anticipated began to develop about that date.

It was not long before Lady Sharpe began to realise that her son had “come down” from Cambridge far more polished in manner and far more gallant in ladies’ society than he had “gone up,” and this improvement was at first so unaccountable that she even attributed it to the University. But it soon began to dawn upon her that her Mademoiselle was the chief object of all the newly acquired polish and gallantry, and that there was admiration—perhaps even something more—in her son’s demeanour. Indeed, our young friend, Lord Vealamours, was a frank young fellow, and what he felt—sorrow, hope, or even love—he showed writ large upon his face; for he was an Eton and Trinity man. Besides, he seemed to find frequent occasion for going into the room where his sisters were receiving instruction, and was always most assiduous in seeing Mademoiselle to the door. Though the affair had not yet gone beyond these *petits soins*, its aspect was unmistakable. Lady Sharpe took fright.

There is a certain mental difficulty known to logicians as a dilemma, and this was precisely the case in which Lord Vealamours’ mother found herself situated. Mademoiselle must go—and yet Mademoiselle had been recommended to her by the Duchess of Bayswater, even her whose word is law unto Society. She could not think of keeping her, yet Mademoiselle had a very wide connection among the aristocracy. For, be it known, Mademoiselle was a persevering young lady whose efforts had invariably been attended by success. Even Lady Sangazur (whom Sangazur married from the stage) had candidly confessed in the letter of recommendation which she permitted her to use (not that she ever did use it) that she had taught her “all the French she knew,” and, though that “all” might not have been much for some people, it was a good deal for Lady Sangazur. Mademoiselle was, in fact, a gentlewoman by birth, and had been finished at a Parisian school of the highest class; but her parents had died, leaving their children little or nothing to live upon (Army people are frequently improvident), and when her sister—there were only two of them—opened a dressmaking establishment in Bond Street under the name and style of “Jeanne d’Arc,” she too took unto herself a *nom-de-guerre* and went forth to face the world, and, harder still, her aristocratic connections as a French governess; and, as I am treating her history so exhaustively, I must not forget to mention that she had lately married, but, as she still practised her profession, had not abandoned the name by which she was now known to fame in Belgravia and Mayfair.

This last fact brings us back to Lady Sharpe. I do not pretend to have much of an “eye” for character, but anyone with only half an “eye” could see that Mademoiselle would not voluntarily attempt the conquest which Lady Sharpe was so much afraid of.

There was, however, another element which tended to enhance the apparently critical nature of the situation. For Lady Sharpe, after having “finished” her daughters, had not been content merely with “keeping up” their French, but had also determined that they should not be allowed to “drop” their music, the result of which determination was that they went twice a week under the care of their mother or maid to receive musical instruction from one of the most deservedly fashionable of all the fashionable pianists of the day. It is difficult to account for

what happened, and perhaps there is some excuse for Lady Sharpe if she failed to foresee this event. After all, Ellis Gilbert, though a great pianist, was not a foreigner. He had no black imperial or moustache; his coat was not made out of trousers material, nor did he confine the folds of a red satin scarf in the embrace of a bediamonded scarf-ring. He was, in fact, everything which a pianist who desires the adoration of his audience ought not to be. It could be seen at a glance that he was an Englishman—a “nice clean Englishman” with a penchant for cold baths and porridge to his breakfast. He was tall, fair, healthy-looking, and well groomed, and, in short, there was nothing foreign about him, particularly not his manner of “interpreting” the great musical masters.

Strange, however, as it may seem, and strange as was their taste in musicians, the daughters of Lady Sharpe were all but adoring this one, and when their mother discovered this state of things she was by no means delighted; it was a new feature in a situation which already baffled her dowager ingenuity.

Her first thought was that she must for the future decline the services both of governess and musician, highly recommended though they both were by her fashionable acquaintances. Then she thought a second time—as ladies sometimes do—and the result of this second and maturer deliberation was that she resolved to avail herself of the well-known tact and resource of Lady Crooke, of Hooke Hall and Brook Street.

Now Lady Crooke is a well-known matchmaker in Society (and elsewhere), and the advice which she gave to Lady Sharpe was strictly in accordance with her *métier*. A match was to be made up between the two offending parties, and then Lady Sharpe could retain their services without fear.

But the worst of it was that at the lunch which Lady Sharpe gave to the innocent couple in furtherance of this plan it transpired that Mr. Gilbert was the unknown husband of her dangerous French governess.

However, Lady Sharpe did not retain their services after all. It was only human nature.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

What “the Twelfth” is to Scotland “the First” is to England in the shooting world; and though the Northern migration in the first weeks of August sets in with increasing magnitude each recurring year, sport on the moors has done nothing to qualify the popularity of sport on the stubbles, despite its advantage of beginning nineteen days earlier. Of the three methods of shooting partridges—walking them up in line, shooting over dogs, and driving—the first is the one most commonly practised, though the second is by far the prettiest sport. It is a matter of chronic regret to sportsmen of the old school that the pointer should nowadays be in comparatively little request for partridge-shooting, for, if a man makes a smaller bag over dogs than he does as one of a line of guns “walking up” the birds, the latter is wanting in the most attractive feature of British shooting. What sight more enjoyable than that of the well-trained pointer or setter working his ground across your front till he winds the hidden birds and, drawing up to them with nose outstretched, stands like a dog carved in stone? I wonder if anyone ever forgets his first shot over dogs: the strong whirr, startling, albeit so keenly expected, as the covey springs from the deep clover and skims hedgewards, while Ponto or Jess drops to the shot and, if a young dog, comes after to ask for the caress education has taught him to expect. Machinery, which has done so much to change the aspects of country life, is largely responsible for the disappearance of the pointer from the field. The old-fashioned sickle or broad-hook, and in less degree the scythe, left long, ragged stubbles, in which the birds lay close till the dog’s keen nose told his master where to put them up; the turnips, sown broadcast in our grandfathers’ days, formed an even, leafy cover, under which coveys might run from end to end of a field unseen. Nowadays the patent horse reaping-machines shave the harvest field so bare that you may see the covey on the far side of it the moment you enter, while turnips sown in rows of mechanical regularity keep no secrets from the sportsman who crosses the field with his eyes open. Dogs, indispensable in pre-machinery days, are only in way now in eight fields out of ten, but a few acres of clover or seeds give opportunities of which the man who loves dog-work for its own sake takes eager advantage. It is an axiom in dog-breaking to use as few words as possible in teaching puppies their business. Much command only confuses them, hence a well-trained pointer or setter seems to do everything on his own initiative. A wave of the hand despatches him to range the ground, and the experienced dog needs no whistle to warn him to turn and work back, for he knows that to be of service to the gun he must find birds only within comparatively narrow limits. Few faults are more irritating than “breaking fence,” namely, ranging far away out of shot even into adjoining fields, where he finds game and flushes it on his own account. The well-broken dog will go only where he is told, will obey the directions of his master’s hand, and return instantly at call. The power of finding game comes first in importance among the dog’s qualifications, but, however excellent his nose, he is not much use unless he has “staying power,” to use a stable term. He has to

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THE ART OF THE DAY.

The bather, whom Madame Bries pictures, shows that artist's light touch to great advantage. In colour her work is always charming, as you will see for yourself by looking at the specimens of her pictures in the Graves Galleries.

Mr. Hillyard Swinstead's picture, "Across the Bridge of Time," affords many a suggestion of the march of progress. The old dial tells of another age, the aged shepherd is not of yesterday, and the pony is not so young as it once was. The artist emphasises age by depicting youth in various aspects, and altogether has brought his idea clearly home.

"D. S. M.," whose name is too often absent in these days of holiday from the columns of the *Saturday Review*, has condescended to return to us in his not altogether unhappy character of a quick-change artist, and he has been pointing out to the world in general that, for practical purposes, the very superior critic has been altogether wrong in looking down upon the long-neglected Mr. Frith. He compares Mr. Frith to other painters who shall be nameless here, and observes wisely upon the whirligig of Time, telling us, in effect, that, although other gods have become our gods, it nevertheless was a fact that Mr. Frith had a beautiful manner of painting, and that it is only a matter of time and contemporary taste between one realist and another.

In reading such a criticism one finds it impossible altogether to acquit "D. S. M." of attempting either to pose or to frighten his contemporaries by the unexpected. Seriously, it may not be denied that anybody who had even forgotten his Frith and who lately revisited him by the glimpses of the Tate Gallery will always receive the impression of a curious kind of little and busy cleverness, unerring in achieving its little ambitions, a cleverness which fills to overflowing such a picture as the blown-upon "Derby Day." This is certainly cleverness, and it is certainly busy; it lights upon the familiar and the obvious as a bee lights upon the highly coloured flowers of a field, and it wins from that common obviousness all the honey that there is to extract. That was the secret of its popularity. The populace gaped to see immutable before their eyes these things which they had before seen living and vital; they had seen just so much as this, and thus much the painter also saw. He set himself exactly upon the level of his public, which gave him promptly an ungrudging popularity.

That seems enough, in all conscience, to say about this very certain and assured fact in art; but when a critic with the kind of "reputation as a traveller," as Huck Finn once said, which belongs to the utterances of "D. S. M." says superior things of the "beauty" of Mr. Frith's painting, one may be permitted to express a little astonishment. One remembers delicate little designs for book-covers at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, and remote little canvases of "personal" impressions—the sort of impression (don't you know?) which is only granted to the gifted beings who see with a special kind of eye; one recalls articles signed by those sacrosanct initials—the adjective is gleaned from the very columns to which those initials are subscribed—in which Lord Leighton is elegantly dismissed as an artist who never acquired a knowledge of form and in which Mr. Watts is rebuked for not understanding the value of subject in art; and with all this pretty paradoxical tracery-work of

actual artistic work and of solemn artistic criticism, in which the last word of modernity seems always on the verge of utterance—for "D. S. M." is not a Pater—you are suddenly brought face to face with a mock-Philistine who tells you in pretty English that Mr. Frith, with all his faults, painted beautifully. In truth, the day before yesterday is rapidly becoming the day after to-morrow, and one will expect to see in some immediately future Arts and Crafts Exhibition a banner signed



BAIGNEUSE.—MADAME BRIES.

Exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.

"D. S. M.," with a representation upon it of (say) the execution of Louis XVI., and in next year's New Gallery a canvas, similarly signed, telling the story of the last round of the Waterloo Cup in 1897. And they talk of progress!

Of all the artistic bodies in London, that which directs, through the City Corporation, the Museum and Art Gallery of the Guildhall is the most actively beneficent. Year by year, as everybody knows, the exhibitions of pictures held there are among the very best of their kind—far better, for example, than the exhibitions which have been organised

at Toynbee Hall and other places that particularly care about the "improvement" of the lower classes; and it is now announced that the Corporation has under consideration a proposal not only to enlarge the Art Gallery, but to spend additional funds on the Guildhall Library and Museum. The chief aim of such enlargements is to provide a more fitting home for the relics of old London which are at present housed there on a somewhat insufficient scale. Many of these relics have, from the historical point of view, considerable artistic value, and the announcement of such a policy will, therefore, naturally be everywhere received with the greatest satisfaction. Here, for example, in this collection are many Roman specimens of great interest, pillars, portions of arches, and even a life-sized statue of one who is supposed to have been a Roman standard-bearer. To give as briefly as possible a handful of instances, there are Roman tiles, a hexagonal funeral column, memorial slabs, and a couple of sarcophagi, besides collections of building materials, hypocausts, and various other objects. The action of the Corporation is to be greatly commended.



ACROSS THE BRIDGE OF TIME.—G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD.

MR. W. S. PENLEY AT HOME.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

It is impossible for anyone to visit Mr. and Mrs. Penley in their home among the Surrey heather without being most pleasantly impressed. Unbounded hospitality is the order of the day, and a more charming host and hostess no one could find.



MASTER BRANDON AND MISS MARION PENLEY.

Mr. Penley's house, The Vines, is about a mile and a-half from Woking Station, quite out in the country, for the new rows of cottages and villas that are springing up round the station, utterly ignoring and eclipsing the original village of Woking, which lies a mile or two away east of the line, have not as yet extended so far as this. And, indeed, he cannot be built round, for he has taken the wise precaution of buying up all the land round, including a hill opposite, from the top of which there is a lovely view all over Chobham Ridges and the Fox Hills, and an occasional glimpse, when the weather is clear, of Windsor.

The house, though near the road, is com-

pletely secluded from being overlooked by a wall, in which is a door with a porch inside, leading into the garden. The house is in front, on the left, and on the right the frontage continuing the wall consists of a large detached school-room, with a great organ at one end, and beyond that, again, stables and coach-house. These open on to the road, which thus forms an excellent stable-yard, thereby avoiding all bother of opening gates and forgetting to shut them, when the cows get in and devastate the garden.

The garden is a large one, with two grass lawns, an excellent walnut tree, which stands in front of you as you go in, though it is only one of many trees. At the bottom of the garden is the Basingstoke Canal, and on the left are the kennels—Mr. Penley is a lover of dogs, both household and sporting—and a large kitchen-garden, with a beautiful bed of asparagus and several greenhouses. In one of these are the incubators, Mrs. Penley's especial care and pride. On the right-hand side is still another kitchen-garden, where the jam-bushes grow—currants, gooseberries, and the like.

Mr. Penley has lived here for many years before the days of "Charley's Aunt," and he has made his present home out of the old one, so to speak, so that none of the old associations are lost. And a most charming and comfortable house it is, too, with its hall reaching right up to the roof, and a "musicians' gallery" at the top of the stairs, in which stand a piano and an American organ. Here on Sunday evenings the children sing hymns, and Master Arthur plays the violin—he is a promising pupil—and sometimes Mr. Penley will sing, though it is not easy to get him to do so.

On the wall, between the piano and the American organ, hangs an enormous hat made of grass from the West Coast of Africa. Mr. Penley boasts among his many friends a coloured King from Lagos—or rather, he is a Prince, his father being the reigning monarch. His Royal Highness went to see "Charley's Aunt" in all the glory of his royal robes and a gold topper with a tassel, and caused nearly as much sensation as the piece.

The drawing-room is a long, low room, and is part of the original house, or nearly all of the ground floor of it thrown into one. It is tastefully decorated in white and gold, and has a beautiful fireplace with ingle-nooks, as in many old houses. The dining-room is oak-panelled, with massive oak beams in the ceiling.

The house is lighted by the electric light, which is one of the recent acquisitions of Woking, which, as we have said before, is a growing town. Mr. Penley never forgets the friends of other days, and it is his great delight to ask his old comrades down from town to have a real good day in the country, to knock the theatre-dust out of them by taking them for a good day's shooting, for he is a very good shot, whether at rabbit, partridge, pheasant, grouse, or clay-pigeon, and he has "wiped the eye" of many a fine sportsman, even including Mr. Walter Everard.

Or if it is in summer, and there is no shooting to be had, or if your walking powers are not equal to a tramp through the turnips—and they are wet when they are wet—there is the lawn and bowls. For it is not everybody that can walk like Mr. Penley, either in pace or staying power; he is a wonderful walker, and if you happen to mention that

you can walk a bit, beware lest he take you on. Mr. Penley is a good bowler, and we may see him in the picture putting in the winning shot. Mr. George Shelton, who was a prominent member of Mr. J. L. Toole's company, is standing on his right, and Mr. Wilton Heriot, his stage-manager, with Mr. Henry Crisp, the original Spettigue in "Charley's Aunt," on his left.

Or there is the launch, *Union Jack*, which is kept in a boat-house on the canal. But Mr. Penley prefers his houseboat on the Thames, there are so many locks on the canal, and the water sometimes gets very low in the summer. He generally drives over to the houseboat, which is at Laleham, on the Thames. Mrs. Penley and he both cycle, but he prefers driving, although, as he says, a bicycle is useful if you don't want to take the horses out. Here we see him starting for a ride, Mrs. Penley is standing on the path, and their eldest son, with Miss Dorothy Garden, the daughter of his old friend, Mr. E. W. Garden, are in the doorway.

I was fortunate enough (writes a *Sketch* representative) to catch Master Brandon, the youngest boy, aged three, and his sister, Miss Marion, who is a year older, "dressed up." Master Brandon is a comedian born, and when one sees him in his brother's Eton suit, miles too big for him, wearing the original "Charley's Aunt" wig—which is treasured as a heirloom—one can easily believe that the mantle will descend upon his shoulders, even as the wig does now.

Mr. Penley assured me that he is going to appear again in the theatre. "But," he said, "the Jubilee has turned everything upside down, and, believe me, it's no good trying to do anything before the public recovers from it. But I've got a splendid part in the new play by Mark Ambient and Wilton Heriot, and I'm very keen on playing it. But I don't like acting nearly as much as producing plays and seeing situations work out and develop at rehearsal. If I had my way, I'd do nothing else, but people say I've got to act, and I suppose I must."

Mr. Penley has a wonderful genius for producing plays. He can see as it were with the eye of the audience, and can put in those delightful comedy touches which have done so much to make his own parts famous. He has a wonderful power of concentration, and if there is anything wrong or ineffective in a scene, he sees it at once, and can put it right.

Everybody remembers the tea scene in "Charley's Aunt," where he pours the tea into Mr. Spettigue's hat and back again into the teapot. This is an instance among many, and it was done suddenly one night, after the play had been running for three or four nights. It was rather ruinous in hats at first, until a special hat with a tin lining was made. It was a stroke of genius, and used invariably to get the biggest laugh in the play.

Mr. Penley tells an amusing story of how he was going North one day, and barely caught the train at Euston. He jumped into a carriage where were some young fellows, and the only available seats were filled



MR. PENLEY AND HIS YOUNGEST SON, MASTER BRANDON, WEARING THE ORIGINAL WIG OF CHARLEY'S AUNT.

up with bags and gun-cases, and, as no one offered to move them out of the way, he stood up and held on to the hat-rack. This went on until they had got to about Chalk Farm, when one of the fellows shifted some of the things, and asked him if he wouldn't like to sit down.

"Oh, don't trouble," said Mr. Penley, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm only going to Scotland!"



MR. PENLEY, MRS. PENLEY, AND THEIR ELDEST SON.



MR. AND MRS. PENLEY DRIVING.



MR. PENLEY SHOOTING CLAY PIGEONS.



MR. PENLEY PLAYING BOWLS.



MR. AND MRS. PENLEY IN THEIR LAUNCH, THE "UNION JACK," ON THE BASINGSTOKE CANAL, AT THE BOTTOM OF THEIR GARDEN.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE STRAND.

II.—THE CHAINED MAN.

You know, of course, the story of Eyes and No-Eyes. But it does not follow that you know the story of Nose and No-Nose. They were two interesting children, and they went for a walk. They came to a bed of fragrant violets. "You're missing this," said Nose to No-Nose. They passed a garden of scented roses, and Nose enjoyed himself still more, and No-Nose could not appreciate it. A little further on their path took them between a brickfield on one side and some defective gasworks on the other, and No-Nose drew out with a clear lead and won as he pleased. Observe, but with discretion.

The discreet observer, as he wanders about the Strand, will be careful not to miss its most romantic object, the chained man. One end of the chain is attached to the base of the man's flipper, and the other is fastened to a black bag. These chained men are said to be more frequent in the East, but they may certainly be called common objects of the Strand, and I have known them to be washed up as far West as St. James's Street. As a rule, they are black-coated, but I once found in an omnibus a very fine specimen with a green coat and brass buttons. For the most part, they make their home in banks. You can stand in front of some old bank, and if you keep very quiet you may get a chance to knock one over as he comes out.

It is curious, if somewhat barbarous, this custom of chaining men up to black bags. If these men have committed any crime, why cannot they be tried and punished in the ordinary way? It must be illegal to chain a man to a heavy weight, but apparently the law winks at it. Still more curious is the way in which the slaves themselves regard their manacles. So far are they from being ashamed of the chain that they generally look rather proud and important. They have the air of being just about to see the Queen with a view to purchasing the Koh-i-Noor at considerably above its real value. They show no desire whatever to regain their freedom, but rather the contrary. You can test this for yourself by experiment. Track one of these chained men into an omnibus—once out of the Bank they all make for an omnibus sooner or later—and sit down beside him. Nod to him in a friendly way to show that you mean well, produce from your pocket a file, and get to work on his chain, so that you may remove the irksome black bag at the other end of it. In nine cases out of ten you will find that the chained man will object. He does not want to be free. You may even offer him a

reward—a pint of beer, for instance—if he will allow you to release him and ease him of his encumbrance. Even then he will refuse, and perhaps tell you to mind your own business, or say something equally rude.

It is part of the romantic fascination of the chained man that there is so much in him which requires explanation. Has he a religious origin? Is his hideous penance self-imposed that he clings to it so obstinately? It may be. Yet he has not the appearance of a mad, stern fanatic. The green specimen to which I have already referred sat on the top of the 'bus, allowed himself the solace of tobacco, and seemed positively

cheerful. If the penance is not self-imposed, for what dark, mysterious sin is it the punishment? I can only say that I have examined several chained men carefully, in sickness and in health, and I have never found in one of them the distinct criminal type.

There are no females of the species. You never see a woman chained in this way. A woman may perhaps carry, if not a black bag, at any rate, a heavy purse. But they are never chained to it. The purse is held out lightly in one hand, and you just grab it and run. Whatever the sin is for which a man is chained to a black bag, it is a sin which no woman ever commits. On the whole, women lead better lives than men.

Yes, the chained man is a strange and incongruous object. In our advanced civilisation, with water companies that sometimes provide water, with telephones that are sometimes quicker than a three-mile walk to see the man yourself, with fire-alarms for the amusement of the dissipated, with penny omnibuses that are free to raise their fare to sixpence whenever they have reason to fear that they may be patronised, with everything done that can be done for the public comfort and safety, we yet have chained slavery walking in our midst. It is inexplicable.

BARRY PAIN.

"THE QUEER FOLK OF FIFE."

Even staunch admirers of the Scottish school of fiction should be warned off "The Queer Folk of Fife" (Morison), one of the most recent specimens.

The warning is not merely meant as a kindness to readers, but rather to cover the indiscretion of the writer of the book, Dr. David Pryde, an able man, who has in an hour of weakness succumbed to the mania of writing down local reminiscences and trusting to a capricious world's continuous appetite for them. But Dr. Pryde has reverted to an earlier model than we have been accustomed to of late—a model which consisted of detached anecdotes, without any national or local significance whatever, dished up without any pretensions to art in a queer mixture of English and Scots. But such a revival is not interesting to the general—indeed, the general are advised to politely ignore this indiscretion, in consideration of the good work done by the author in other directions.



THE MASQUERADER.

Photo by Knebler.

"ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY."

Photographs by Russell, Baker Street, W.

The simple announcement, "The Triumph of Constantine, Rome, 312 A.D.," which appears in the advertisement of the Victorian Era Exhibition, but faintly indicates the magnificence of the panorama

not intended to last for ever. The magnificent picture thus presented is a happy result of combination, the archaeologist and the painter having worked harmoniously together. The archaeologist, the constructive creator, so to speak, is Professor J. Bühlmann, the painter being Alexander Wagner, both of whom belong to Munich, where the work was completed and first exhibited. The preparatory studies occupied twelve months, while the actual painting extended to double

that time. Professor Bühlmann, it may be noted, was born in Lucerne in 1844, and Professor Wagner, who was born of German parentage in Hungary in 1838, had already acquired celebrity by his pictures of Spanish subjects and ancient life before taking in hand this immense work. He is an admirable figure-painter, and it is further evident that he is quite at home in the technique of architectural painting, and in the ways of ancient costume and posing. Nor can the artistic eye fail to take note of the fine atmospheric feeling and true sense of colour displayed in this great painting. While the architecture is at once accurate and realistic, the effect of the perspective is magnificent—quite one of the best features of the work. The entire tone is soft and faithful to nature. The eye is irresistibly drawn to the entrance of the Forum Romanum, and still further to the left the brilliantly painted group of women, the Empress Fausta and her suite, attracts attention; but the spectator is speedily beguiled to the Capitol by the dazzling spectacle of the triumphal procession of Constantine, one of the most memorable pageants of the Cæsarean epoch. The first picture represents the Temple of Capitoline Jupiter at the moment when the Emperor, having left his triumphal chariot, is



THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER: THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE RECEIVED BY THE SENATE.

which is here unfolded. Speaking with the recollection of other works on the same lines still fresh in my memory, I have no hesitation in saying that the Earl's Court "Rome" is by far the best thing of its kind that I have seen. It appeals at once to the student and the sightseer; it pictures the Eternal City as it existed at the height of its splendour, and the gloriousness of its colouring attracts the artist and pleases the public. The original Rome, we are told, "wasn't built in a day," to which facetious remark one may reply, even in looking upon this stupendous canvas, with Horatio's answer to Hamlet, "There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave to tell us this." For the circumference of this panorama is only six feet short of four hundred, while its height is fifty feet. And on this immense canvas we see the monumental part of ancient Rome pieced together and presented as faithfully as possible at a period of great moment in its history. Of course, something has been left to the imagination, but it should be noted that the topographical and archaeological knowledge displayed in this work has received the highest praise from those best calculated to appreciate it at its full worth, one high authority on the history of Rome going so far as to write to one of the painters a long letter of praise, in which he said, "It was indispensable that the labour of the artist should be based on a fundamental design, executed by an architectural expert, a savant deeply versed in Roman topography and iconography. Every connoisseur on the subject must admit that you have proved yourself in every way capable of the task, and that you have executed it on thoroughly scientific lines." The ensuring of this accuracy and the painting of the panorama occupied just three years, not so long a period, to be sure, as that devoted to the building of the original Rome, but a long time, considering that a panorama such as this is too often regarded as a passing show, and is

ascending the steps of the grand staircase in order to be received by the Senate in celebration of the defeat of Maxentius at the battle of the Milvian Bridge, Oct. 27, A.D. 312. The second picture depicts, further to the right of the panorama, the fine scene before the Temple of Juno Moneta, where the festive rite of the *suovetaurilia*—the sacrifice of a swine, a sheep, and a bull—is taking place. It is impossible, in black and white, to convey an idea of the colour, which is one of the best features of this painting; but the pictures reproduce the fidelity of the architectural drawing and the clever grouping of the figures in this fine example of panorama-painting. The Empress Fausta, as seen here, it is curious to note, is a portrait of the wife of Professor Wagner.



SACRIFICIAL SCENE BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF JUNO MONETA.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SWELL : What time does the theatre open, Policeman ?

POLICEMAN : There ain't no the-a-tre here, Sir.

SWELL : Well, music-hall, then ?

POLICEMAN : There ain't no music-hall here, Sir.

SWELL : Well, what is there going on ?

POLICEMAN (*looking at church clock*) : They 'll be shunting a goods train in about ten minutes.



THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN: MONT BLANC.



ON THE PIER

PROFESSOR SMITH (*brushing speck of dust from lady's dress*): Pardon me, Madam, I thought it was one of my artists.

SONGS · FOR · THE · KIDDIES ·



LITTLE · MISS · MUFFET

LITTLE · MISS · MUFFET
 SAT · ON · A · TUFFET
 EATING · OF · CURDS · AND · WHEY

THERE · CAME · A · GREAT · SPIDER,
 AND · SAT · DOWN · BESIDE · HER,
 AND · FRIGHTENED · MISS · MUFFET · AWAY.



THE CULT OF LONDON.

To feel finely and to express adequately all that London stands for has become splendidly impossible; and yet the very difficulties involved act as a fascinating temptation to essay the task. The mere facts of figures have little meaning. Thus when Mr. Donald, in his excellent *London Manual*, tells you that there are over four hundred public authorities at work in governing London, and that they spend over £12,500,000



THE TOWER OF LONDON, FROM THE TOWER BRIDGE.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

a-year; the eye follows the statement, but the mind fails to grasp it. The tit-bits statistician, who reckons that the 2130 omnibuses and 16,000 cabs plying the streets are equal to forty-nine miles, only bewilders you under the guise of explaining a confused fact; while Mr. Charles Booth's elaborate researches into "the life and labour of the people of London" (in nine volumes) might be all very well if there was a professor of economics at every street-corner.

But you may master all these facts without really grasping what London means, and even when you are sensible that the charm of the whole place has entered thoroughly your blood, you may still be unable to define it intelligibly, or communicate it with conviction. The reason is obvious. This charm is not the same for any two men, and to a third it may be meaningless. When Dick Whittington, unerringly idealised as the very embodiment of London's magnetic touch, stopped wearily on Ilighgate Hill till the Bells of Bow made the blood course through his veins again; when Dr. Johnson declared that the full tide of existence was at Charing Cross; when Wordsworth stood spellbound on Westminster Bridge; when, to take a common type, Paula Tanqueray pined in her quiet Surrey home for "London—or Heaven"; or when, to go to the extreme opposite, the sombre *Spectator* gives us a finely balanced essay on the charm of London, each is fascinated in a totally different way, and even then the limitation of language is painfully obvious. Thus Daudet was struck by the silence of London, which may seem meaningless when you think of the traffic. And Lowell felt the fascination of the fog, which may appear to you as debased taste. The country parson and the provincial moralist picture a mad people scrambling for wealth and rarely paying pew-rent. Yet the *Spectator*, which sides with that same parson on so many points, praises its crowds, which are as "ordered and orderly" as the engine of McAndrew's hymning. Herein is contradiction contradicted; and the same thing holds good right through the thousand-and-one aspects of London's life. The philosophy of the Old Kent Road is as distinct from the outlook of Kensington as Sheffield is from Inverness. Yet both are London. You may dine one night in a fried-fish shop at Peckham Rye, and the next in Cavendish Square, without the slightest fear of being discovered. You may be on calling terms, just as you could be in a provincial town, with the occupiers of all the villas in your terrace at Sydenham, and yet you may not know the name of the tenant of the other chambers on the same landing in Piccadilly. Yet both places are London. To come to close quarters, you may watch ceaseless sections of the aforesaid forty-nine miles of bus and cab in the Strand, where few men loiter; where the editions of the evening papers chase one another from morning till night, where all is bustle; and in three

seconds you may find yourself in the Temple watching the goldfish in the pond of Fountain Court, where even wig and gown will linger in passing, and in a top storey of an adjoining brick building, beside an antique dial, you may see an old gentleman opening a window, like Noah in the Ark, and feeding the Temple pigeons.

It is begging the question, perhaps, to demonstrate the variety of London's charm by insisting on the variety of its charm—which is only one view of the case. But then the word "London" itself is a question-begging epithet.

London, the capital of the world, London, a nation with its four and a-half millions, is but the generic name for a congeries of little towns and villages. To pervert Mr. Pinero, London may be the name we give "our little parish of St. James's." London the cosmopolitan, that can receive a Duse, a Bernhardt, a Réjane, and an Odilon in turn, that has its French Soho, its Italian Saffron Hill, its Eastern Jewry, is surrounded by a belt of suburbia that is as local as the smallest townlet of the provinces and nearly as modern as Klondyke.

The eye to see all this belongs less to the Londoner born and bred than to the invader from the country who supplements first impressions by years of watchful spectatorship. It is perhaps because she is thus equipped that Mrs. E. T. Cook has written the best summary of "London and Environs" (for Darlington's guide-books, which are published at Llangollen!) that has been done. Primarily a guide-book, it appeals strongly to those for whom London is a cult. The best things that have been said about London in its various aspects are all set down, and, over and above that, Mrs. Cook's strong individuality gives her own remarks a piquancy that makes her

eminently quotable. There is a certain aloofness of the superior person that makes the book very readable, and separates it at once from the ordinary compiler's dullness. Thus, when she divides the people of London, she seems to belong to none, for she criticises each in turn with a touch of cynicism. "Fashionable London," which comes up for "the Season," is "somewhat slangy" and given to dropping its final "g's," and represents "all London." "Toiling London" is distinguished for "the constant use of a very unpleasant but expressive adjective." "Respectable or middle-class London" lives in "rows of dull little houses and shops, all equally depressing and exactly like one another." "London is many cities rolled into one. It speaks two distinct languages. The West End cuts off the endings of its words, the East End the beginnings." Bayswater is distinguished by its fashionably dressed shop-gazers—and, "sad to relate," by their want of manners. Bloomsbury has a tendency to "degenerate into dowdiness and frownsiness"—which is not quite kind of Mrs. Cook to her neighbours in Tavistock Square. Her knowledge of London in many phases is extensive—for a lady. Thus she instructs her reader as to what the "Pav." and the "Cri." are abbreviations for (though she does not mention "Jimmie's"). Her knowledge of allusions to London is still greater. Thus she quotes Mr. Todman of "Liberty Hall" on Bloomsbury; though, strange to say, she does not tell us that Mr. Gilbert described the Tower



THE BEST WAY OF SEEING LONDON TOWN ON A HOT DAY.

Photo by Rouch

in "The Yeomen of the Guard." The book is packed full of good stuff, though Mr. E. T. Cook has ridden his hobby rather too hard in securing eighty-two pages out of the total four hundred and sixty-six in order to describe the art galleries and museums. The maps are excellent, and the illustrations are well chosen. Speaking of the latter, it may be said that by far the best pictures of London are those being issued in brown paper-covered albums by Mr. Freeman Doraston. They are neat, they are handy, they are exhaustive, and mark a great advance on the horrible photo-lithographic things of years ago, for which we are indebted to Germany.

In striking contrast to Mrs. Cook's brilliant book is the *Daily Mail* guide, "London Town." Mr. Harmsworth is so clever a caterer that one cannot help wondering that he should have allowed this booklet, which is partly a trade advertisement for a stationer's firm in the Strand, to go out under his auspices. The book is described as a Jubilee guide; yet Phil May's picture of a policeman on the cover shows Robert in his winter great-coat. Every page has its flaw, and the omissions are many. Thus the Haymarket contains Her Majesty's Theatre, but no mention of Mr. Tree's old house opposite; while the map mentions the latter and omits the former. "Earl Derby" lives in St. James's Square. No notice is taken of the Blackwall Tunnel, which was really the engineers' way of celebrating the record reign. At Buckingham Palace "her Majesty, on Jubilee or other festive occasions, appears sometimes on the balcony facing the Park, acknowledging in person the plaudits of her people"! Bunhill Fields contains the remains of "De Foe, of 'Robinson Crusoe' celebrity," and "J. Horne Tooke." For every thousand men who know De Foe's celebrity, not one has even heard of the author of the "Divisions of Purley," let alone knowing his book. The book teems with similar flaws. It afforded a poor way of celebrating the jubilee of the English Queen, and its syntax does not honour the Queen's English. But then this guide only illustrates the fascination that London has for would-be cicerones. Once in a while a Mrs. Cook may arise and, with infinite pains, produce a book full of knowledge and humour and good sense; but a guide like the *Daily Mail's* "London Town" is part of an annual epidemic, to which many tourists must fall bewildered victims. And yet the very multiplication of these finger-posts—good, bad, and indifferent—only goes to show what a mighty magnet London is.

PROPOSED RENOVATION OF KIRKWALL CATHEDRAL.

St. Magnus' Cathedral, Kirkwall, which the well-known Edinburgh architect, Mr. Blanc, R.S.A., has received instructions to visit and report upon, with a view to having some long-desired improvements carried out, has the distinction of being one of the only two ancient ecclesiastical edifices north of the Tweed which can boast of being complete cross churches with all their essential parts entire—the other being St. Mungo's Cathedral in Glasgow. As a relic of the rule of the Vikings in Orkney, the cathedral possesses a unique interest. For centuries after they had been driven from the Scottish mainland the Norsemen continued to hold sway in Orkney and Zetland, and many of their customs exist there even at the present day. The islands remained dependencies of Norway till 1468, when, by the marriage contract between James II. of Scotland and the Princess Margaret, daughter of Christian I. of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the latter monarch



WEST DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.
Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

pledged Orkney and Zetland to Scotland in security of Margaret's dowry. So late as 1668 an assembly of plenipotentiaries held that there was a right of redemption which had not only not been barred by prescription, but was unprescribable. In ecclesiastical matters, the Bishop of Orkney was for more than three centuries one of the suffragans of the Metropolitan See of Thronthjeim, and it was not till 1472 that the See of Orkney was placed under the Metropolitan Bishop of St. Andrews.

The Cathedral of St. Magnus was founded in the early half of the twelfth century by Jarl (or Earl) Rögnvald, in fulfilment of a vow that, if victorious in his contest for the earldom of Orkney, he would erect a stone minster, in extent and splendour excelling all the ecclesiastical buildings in the North, in which to deposit the remains of his uncle, "St. Magnus the Martyr," and would endow it with revenues suited to its magnificence. Magnus, through whom Rögnvald deduced his title,



KIRKWALL CATHEDRAL.
Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

had been joint ruler of the earldom along with his cousin Hacon, but had been murdered by the latter in the church of the Island of Egilsey, where he had fled for refuge. Hacon thereafter seized the whole earldom, and managed to retain it during his life. His son, however, who succeeded him, was less successful, and ultimately was defeated by Magnus' nephew Rögnvald, who in turn seized the entire earldom, and became, in fact, if not in name, Sovereign of Orkney. In performance of his vow, the erection of the cathedral was begun about the year 1137, and although, owing partly to lack of funds, and even more to scarcity of skilled labour, the progress was slow, it is believed that prior to the year 1152, when the founder set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, the choir was so far advanced as to be ready for the reception of the relics of the saint to whom the cathedral was dedicated. The predominance of the Norman school indicates that the greater part of the edifice must have been built at an early date, chiefly in the twelfth century. According to tradition, Bishop Reid, who succeeded to the See in 1540, completed the western extremity of the nave, with its porch and fine window; but this is doubted. Some authorities hold that these belong to a much earlier date than the middle of the sixteenth century.

Although the cathedral was fortunate enough to escape the ravages of the followers of John Knox, it has suffered at the hands of other Vandals. In 1649 the Earl of Morton, with the consent of the Kirk Session, carried off the marbles in the floor, and not a trace remains of the tombs of the ancient Norwegian Jarls, the Scottish Earls, or the Bishops of Orkney. Then the choir, which is used as the Parish Church, has been made hideous with pews and galleries; and a tawdry screen shuts off the choir from the nave. In 1845, the Government, believing that the cathedral was Crown property, turned out the congregation, the pews, the galleries, and the screen, preserving everything that was worth preserving, but purging the building of the accumulated excrescences of three centuries of Presbyterian rule. It was found, however, that the Government had been in error as to the supposed rights of the Crown, and the cathedral was handed back to the town of Kirkwall, to which it belonged. The Corporation at once restored the pews and galleries, and, to mark still further the peculiarities of modern Orcadian taste, coated the pillars with some sort of whitewash or pinkwash!

Approaching Kirkwall from the sea, the most prominent object that meets the eye is the grey mass of the cathedral. It is a cruciform building, consisting of nave and nave-aisles, north and south transepts (each having a small chapel on its eastern side), a choir and choir-aisles, and a central tower, covered by a modern pyramidal roof. (The original spire was destroyed by lightning in 1671, and this disproportioned and ugly covering was subsequently raised in its place.) The nave is of the sternest and most massive style of Norman architecture; the pillars are round; and the arches have no mouldings other than a succession of truncated angles. The choir, although chiefly Norman, is more richly moulded and clustered, and its beautiful pointed window evidently belongs to a later age. The transepts have three tiers of small Norman-shaped windows. Although a comparatively small edifice, its effect, viewed in the interior, is remarkably imposing. The total internal length of the building is only about 217 feet, and the length of the transept only 89 feet, the breadth of the nave and aisles being 47 feet. The height to the vaulting, however, is 71 feet, and this gives the cathedral the appearance of being much larger than it really is.

Close to the cathedral is the Bishop's Palace; and the ancient palace of the Earls of Orkney is in the immediate vicinity. Both these belong to a later age than the cathedral, but both have for several centuries been in ruins.

LONDON'S YOUNGEST THEATRE.

The busy, crowded district of Fulham has waited long for a theatre, and has at last obtained one which, in its position, construction, and appearance, stands second to none. It is built on an area of twelve thousand feet, in an excellent position at the Fulham Road corner, just before Putney Bridge is reached, and has roadway on all sides. The material used is white Portland stone, and the front is surmounted by an allegorical group, above which a five-thousand candle-power arc-lamp sends its bright light on to the Fulham Road. The portico is spacious and beautifully decorated, and above it is a smoking-lounge. A handsome vestibule leads by two side-staircases down to the stalls, by two others up to the first circle, and by the handsome marble centre staircase to the dress circle, while double exits are connected with every part of the house. There is seating capacity for more than two thousand people, and nowhere is the view obstructed by columns, for the cantilever system has been used throughout. The decoration of the interior is in Louis XIV. style, the prevalent colour-scheme being light terra-cotta and cream, with heavy gilding on ornamentation, and in the decoration the electric lighting plays a skilful part. Needless to say, the theatre is fire-proof, and the iron curtain can intervene between stage and auditorium in four seconds, while all the corridors have iron doors. The stage, which is built in the most approved style, is more than forty feet deep and nearly eighty feet wide, while from stage to grid is nearly sixty feet. The dressing-rooms are very modern, and when one thinks of the places, so very like pig-sties, that do duty in some West-End houses even to-day, the profession will think well of Mr. Sprague, who has been the architect of the house. Even a bath-room with hot and cold water is added to the dressing-rooms.

Mr. Alexander Henderson is the lessee and manager of the young house. He was with Charles Wyndham at the Criterion for many years, and also with Weedon Grossmith at the Vaudeville. What he does not know about his business is worth very little to anybody. The new theatre starts with the best of chances, for there is an enormous population in the district that loves the theatre and cannot afford to make frequent excursions to the heart of the West End. Here a sixpenny gallery and shilling pit will afford perfect view and comfortable accommodation to see all London's great successes. Mr. Henderson is not selling his bars to a contractor: he is managing them himself. The proprietor of the theatre is Mr. Joseph Pyke, who has exerted a great and beneficial influence in Theatreland for many years.

The production of "The Geisha" by Mr. George Edwardes' company, which opened the theatre last week, was a good augury for the new house. Mr. Edwardes has sent out a troupe so capable that the great majority of people would accept it as soon as the original cast at Daly's. I have never seen O Mimosa San realised more delightfully than by Miss Hilda Moody. She is simply bewitching, singing with great art, acting with a charming sense of true comedy, and investing the whole part with a tender touch which is quite new in work of



ENTRANCE OF THE THEATRE AT FULHAM.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

this class. Miss Warren does not quite compensate one who has seen Letty Lind, and yet she is very good in her own way. Mr. John Coates, who takes Mr. Coffin's part, is robust in every way. Mr. Rawlins was the Marquis, and Mr. Fred Wright jun. is quite as clever as his brother in the part of the Chinaman.

THE TRUE GLORIA.

It appears that it was Miss Mabel Allen, and not Miss Hall Caine, who figured as Gloria Quayle in the 'copyrighting performance' of "The



MISS MABEL ALLEN.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Christian" at Douglas. Miss Allen is the charming singer who made such a distinct success at the Palace and Alhambra about three years ago in a round of English, Irish, and Scots ballads.

OTHER SUBURBAN THEATRES.

The building of suburban theatres goes on apace; "the cry is still they come," and one cannot help wondering whether the long-neglected suburban demand will not be overdone. I saw it announced the other day that more than a dozen were approaching completion. Mr. Mulholland was one of the pioneers of this movement with his pretty and popular little house on Denmark Hill, a stone's throw from historic Camberwell Green, and opposite the site (now densely covered with houses) where once stood Denmark House, which was, I believe, in the long ago the residence of George, Prince of Denmark. Mr. Mulholland's enterprise was rewarded with what in many quarters was a quite unlooked-for success, and now they are talking of a music-hall a few yards away, and another theatre at Camberwell Green. Then Peckham, not to be behind, is to have a Temple of Thespis, New Cross another, and, going a little further east, we are to have two at Deptford, Miss Cissy Grahame's venture and another. Bermondsey is not to be neglected; and Dulwich is to be provided with a theatre at Champion Hill, which, by the way, is, strictly speaking, I should say, more Camberwell than Dulwich. All who know this south-eastern portion of Greater London know how densely it is populated, and how, whenever a house with big grounds can be secured, it grows and grows; but to support such a crop of theatres as these the taste of the public must grow by what at present it but sparsely feeds on.

Tunbridge Wells, which at present is hardly a London suburb, though it does not take one so long to get there as to some suburban places, is to have an Opera House, which will perhaps revive some of Fashion's glories. Sir David Salomons, who is an old resident in the pretty Kentish town, has been asked his opinion as to whether the new venture is likely to be appreciated by the residents and visitors, and he replies that "Tunbridge Wells is a beautiful spot, but the scenery disappears after dark"; he therefore comes to the conclusion that it is desirable that amusement should be afforded both to the wealthier and the poorer classes, as well as to those visitors "who require facilities to pass a pleasant evening." Sir David then sets forth the necessary provisions that must be made by the management to ensure success, and I am delighted to observe that he requires an absence of "draughts," by which I imagine he means currents of air, and not liquid refreshments.

MISS ADA REHAN AS ROSALIND.

The Rosalind of Miss Ada Rehan is a familiar friend, and Mr. Augustin Daly should account himself happy in the fact that strange and discordant surroundings cannot alter so admirable a performance. For the conditions under which "As You Like It" was given at Stratford-on-Avon on August 26, as a prelude to a preliminary tour, were the reverse of satisfactory. There is nothing new in the idea of giving an open-air representation of this comedy, and care should have been taken that, in the event of the elements proving unfavourable, proper provision was made for the public in the Memorial Theatre, "upon the sward" whereof, "beside the banks of the Avon river" and "within the shadow of Shakspeare's church," it was proposed to give the play. But when the rain, which had been threatening for some hours before the uncertain time—variously stated as three and four o'clock—for which the performance had been announced, commenced to fall, the players retreated in disorder from the "sward," and the public scrambled for the seats in the theatre which were all too few and badly arranged. And, to put the case mildly, Mr. Daly's "company of comedians" proved sadly inefficient in the task of giving proper support to the star. In fact, it would be difficult to imagine a Rosalind placed at a greater disadvantage than was the case on this occasion. But Miss Rehan came through the ordeal with flying colours, and repeated a piece of acting which it is a delight to remember. Her Rosalind is replete with womanliness and truth; it is full of right feeling, and its buoyancy infects the spectator. The depth, the sincerity, and the warmth of her Rosalind pervade the very air. She has a true appreciation of the love which fills Rosalind's heart and soul and makes life joyous for her, and with an extremely delicate touch, with sprightly grace, and admirable art, Miss Rehan conveys to her audience, alluringly, convincingly, this side of Rosalind's character. Her Rosalind is radiant in its expression of happiness. It is beautiful in its brilliancy. But it is infinitely tender. The comedy scenes could not possibly be better played, and it is doubtful if any other Rosalind has ever touched the pathetic stop so deeply as Miss Rehan in the scene in which Rosalind hears of Orlando's wound. It is, indeed, "counterfeiting" of the highest order, evoking the instant sympathy of the spectator and compelling tears in place of smiles. Miss Rehan's Rosalind, in short, is an example of acting in its highest form. Well thought and balanced, perfect in its light and shade, its dominant feature is its womanliness, its truth to nature. Apart from this, it says much for Miss Rehan's method that the actress could efface her surroundings, and, in a framework of such incongruity, present so lovely a picture as the real Rosalind. It is to be hoped, for the sake of her art and her position on the stage, that the palpable defects of the supporting company will be speedily remedied; else, it is to be feared, provincial audiences, who are accustomed to seeing Shakspeare properly interpreted, will fail to extend to Miss Rehan that encouragement which so delightful a performance as her Rosalind surely deserves.

Mr. Fred Meier, the acting-manager of Mr. A. F. A. Henderson's fine new theatre at Fulham, was associated with Mr. Henderson while the latter was connected with Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Mr. Meier thus played on tour for a considerable length of time the schoolmaster, Dr. Candy, LL.D., of "The New Boy."

ON THE BROADS.

The true home of the humble angler and timid yachtsman is on the Norfolk Broads, and the artist will do well to join their company. For



THE WINNER OF THE WHERRY RACE.

the rivers and broads teem with fish, though the aristocracy of the fish tribe is absent, unless the greedy pike is of the upper orders in the piscine world. Moreover, the yachtsman, without fear of shipwreck, has

hundreds of miles of river, fast and swift like the Yare, or slow and shallow as the Bure, and thousands of acres of shallow lake, at his command, and very often a good breeze at his service; while for the artist there are innumerable subjects: and into almost every picture he will put the wherry—the large, not inelegant sailing-barge, which night and day goes up or down the river, always giving a touch of the human and picturesque and often, when its cargo, instead of being timber, is a sailing party, a glimpse of pretty girls and gaiety. To the robust picnic-maker, with a soul above cat-swinging, the wherry is a true pleasure-vessel, swift when the wind is kind, light in draught, and only liable to disaster when amateurs get stranded on banks that are hidden at high water. One should mention the winter shooting at the wild birds that seek a home on the Broads, and often find a grave. Throughout this curious, interesting, Holland district of England may be found—a little sparsely scattered, perhaps—comfortable, clean, homely inns, beloved by fishers and patronised by wherry folk of sybaritish taste.



START OF THE WHERRY RACE.

Photographs by Rouch.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

It is impossible to name a horse that is likely to extend Galtee More in the St. Leger, although some of the second- and third-rate horses will no doubt be started on the off-chance. It is all right for owners to possess winners of the triple crown, but such occurrences are bad for the sport, and the time has arrived in the interests of the classic races to at least discuss the question of penalties. I think the winner of the Two Thousand should carry seven pounds extra in the Derby, and, in the event of winning at Epsom, then another seven pounds, making fourteen pounds at Doncaster.

Speculators are eagerly awaiting the publication of the weights for the autumn handicaps. In the meantime trainers with horses engaged are busy pushing their animals along in their work, and, as the gallops are now soft, fields for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire ought to be well up to the average. It is to be hoped Major Egerton will not treat the country-trained horses too leniently, especially those animals that have been running badly all the year. The Continental betting shows that some people think certain animals cannot be handicapped out of the races, yet recent form proves that they could not win carrying a postage-stamp.

One or two of the biggest sporting publishers tell me that their wares have sold well since the judgment in the betting appeal case was delivered. So long as the question remained in doubt there was a regular slump in sporting literature. Now, however, all is changed, and the demand for racing guides, "specials," and finals is now as great as ever it was. It is a remarkable fact that students of form who have studied the book the year through should at the end of each season dive again into the annuals just to rub up their knowledge. Thus it is that "guides" sell better at the end than at the beginning of a season.

It is very hard work for a jockey to have to stand down owing to ill health, and I know T. Loates feels his position much, but he hopes to be able to go on riding now until the end of the season, and I trust he may ride several winners. Loates has been a great horseman in his time, and it is truly unfortunate that his eyes should have caused him so much trouble of late, but it may be that the trouble is only temporary. Anyway, good eyesight and good nerve are the first requisites for a jockey.

In what are called the good old days visitors to country cities and towns at the time when a race-meeting was on had all sorts of amusements provided for them. The day's sport, as a rule, started with cock-fighting, and great sums of money were won and lost on the different battles fought between the rival candidates for "county" honours, for almost invariably the contests took place between the best birds of two different "counties," and the stakes alone in most instances were a thousand

guineas, which amount was nothing in comparison to what was lost or won in bets on the different contests leading up to the final main. The cock-fighting started at 10 a.m., and was generally over about 12 noon, when the horse-racing started; but after about two hours the visitors adjourned to the city or town, where they dined at the inns and taverns on good old English fare. After dinner horse-racing was resumed, which lasted to about 5.30 p.m. in the summer months, after which the rustic sports commenced, which afforded no end of amusement to all classes of visitors and to the locals. After the sports were over most of the genteel class of visitors repaired to card parties, or to the Assembly Rooms, where dancing took place, and for those who were that way inclined temporary theatres were erected wherein plays were performed.

CAPTAIN COE.

ATHLETICS.

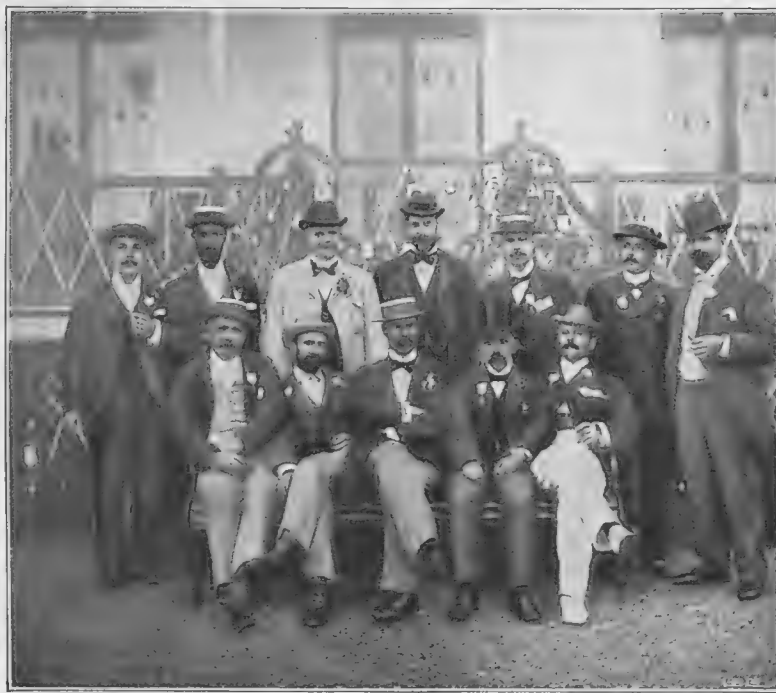
The annual garden party and sports of Lipton's counting-house staff were held on Aug. 21 at Mr. Lipton's private residence, Osidge, Southgate, and, as in former years, the event was a great success. The party numbered about five hundred ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Lipton personally superintended the arrangements (which were on an elaborate scale) for the comfort and pleasure of his guests. The various sports were keenly contested, while the humorous events created much merriment.

In the evening the prizes were distributed by Mr. Lipton to the successful competitors. Thereafter a lengthy and interesting concert was held. Dancing concluded a most enjoyable day's outing.

GOLF.

Golf-players have received a check in Scotland by the heavy rains which have fallen lately. An Englishman who has been plying the club at Elie in Fifeshire, sends me the following perversion—

Drive! drive! drive!
There are bunkers to carry galore;
But alas! for the "slice" and the "pull" at the "top"
On the braes by the wave-washed shore.
Swing! swing! swing!
Ah! yes, but you've taken to "press";
And devil a bit does it help you to hit.
So you're finding the bunkers, I guess.
Putt! putt! putt!
Ah! the little less or more!
For whether the green may be stiff or keen,
You'll never be "down" in four.
D—! d—! d—!
Yes! that is the substance and sum
When caddie nor clerk nor partner will speak;
Why, hang it! you cannot be dumb.



MR. LIPTON AND HIS CHIEF COLLEAGUES.

Photo by Thiele, Chancery Lane.



THE MEN'S RACE AND THE GIRLS' RACE AT MR. LIPTON'S.

Photographs by Thiele, Chancery Lane.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Time to light up:—Wednesday, Sept. 1, 7.46; Thursday, Sept. 2, 7.44; Friday, Sept. 3, 7.41; Saturday, Sept. 4, 7.39; Sunday, Sept. 5, 7.37; Monday, Sept. 6, 7.35; Tuesday, Sept. 7, 7.32.

"The Humours of Cycling" (James Bowden, London) is a pamphlet made up of stories and illustrations, many of which have appeared in magazines or newspapers. Mr. H. G. Wells's tale, "A Perfect Gentleman on Wheels," is the best; and Mr. Pett Ridge's "The Junior Constitutional" and "A Bicycling Story" by Virginia Niles Leeds—the last-named I noticed in *The Sketch* long ago—come next in merit. Mr. J. F. Sullivan's contribution, "The Adorable Detrimental," is quite as amusing as his other bright sketches, and "His Last Pupil," by Barry Pain, is well worth reading.

Long ago cycling was said to have caused a slump in the sale of horses, though the price of horses does not seem to have in the least fallen during the last three years. And now I am told by an eminent authority that "bicycling has given confidence to many men and women who, having mastered the trick of balancing a bicycle, have grown ambitious and wish to learn riding in the proper meaning of the word." This I fully believe, and I have always maintained that persons accustomed to riding to hounds acquired the knack of managing a bicycle more readily than the chronic pedestrian could ever do.

A quaint anecdote has been told to me, and my informant declares his statement to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He has a habit of suspending his bicycle about a foot above the floor every night by means of ropes attached to the ceiling, and it seems that a mouse, whose mind presumably had become unhinged, one evening thought fit to spring from the floor on to the front wheel. Of course, the wheel began to revolve, and as it revolved the mouse of unsound mind crept rapidly up the tyre. He crept, and he crept, and he crept, and when, next morning, the maid-servant entered the room she found him still creeping, though apparently much exhausted. According to the cyclometer he had travelled some thirty-one miles—that is, about three and three-quarter miles an hour. A pedestrian of that sort deserves to be encouraged. I see that a similar incident is referred to in "The Humours of Cycling."

Travelling by rail last week along the south coast of Devon, I was amused at observing that the American custom of sea-beach cycling seems to obtain at Dawlish, that curious little watering-place situated near Teignmouth and lately described by an eminent novelist as "the sort of place to grow a beard at or do anything queer of that sort." The cyclists were four in number. They were attired in the more or less conventional swimming-suit of this effete nineteenth century, but, instead of disporting themselves in the surf, they were gaily "scorching" along the beach at a spot, I rejoice to say, concealed by lofty cliffs from the prying eyes of the inquisitive "reformers." The sensation created in the railway carriage by the novel apparition was considerable, and the train dashed into a tunnel all too soon.

The Dunlop Tyre Company have issued a pretty little book giving various press opinions of Dunlop tyres.

An experiment of a more or less sporting character was tried at the Buffalo Velodrome in Paris this week, when races for ladies were organised, the competitors being compelled to appear in tights. The

success was complete, and a crowd assembled that suggested the race for the Grand Prix. There is this much to say for the ladies, that they fought out their battles with double the energy we are accustomed to see between men, and bouquets were showered upon the winners, and yet



FRENCHWOMEN CYCLING IN TIGHTS.

I like to see skirts such as the ladies wear who are cycling on the edge of Hampstead Heath, as shown in the accompanying picture.

A serious accident occurred upon the much-maligned Brighton Road a day or two ago, owing solely to a rider's carelessness. Coasting rapidly down a steep incline near Reigate, one of his foot-rests suddenly slipped down the fork of his machine, and, becoming entangled in the spokes, brought about a terrible fall. This incident should serve as a warning to cyclists, always to overhaul their machines before they start for a ride.

An enterprising American has designed a vehicle for the use of persons anxious to reach Klondyke. I cannot grasp the form of the machine from the description given of it, but it seems to be a cross between a bicycle and a four-wheeler. It is designed to carry a miner's outfit, and to withstand the rigours of an Alaskan winter. But whether it is also capable of conveying provisions for a six-months' sojourn does not appear, though this is the most important item of all.

I have been reading the report of a protest against the carelessness of railway companies with regard to bicycles committed to their care. Grumbles of this sort are common enough, but this man's experience is an unusual one. He left his machine for a couple of days in the left-luggage office at a Scottish railway station, and upon his recovering the bicycle he found that a new cyclometer had been stolen from it. Naturally he remonstrated, only to be told that he had paid solely for the care of the bicycle, and that he should not have left upon it anything detachable. He then started by train for London. Upon arriving there he discovered that someone had stolen his bicycle-lamp, also the bell, the pump, and a few more unconsidered trifles. He adds that he has no possible means of obtaining compensation.

Members of local cycling clubs took part in the bicycle parade held lately in aid of the Royal Lancaster Infirmary. Some two hundred cyclists assembled at the Springfield Barracks arrayed in fancy costumes, and the first prize was awarded to the rider of a machine so arranged as to resemble a boat. But there were many pretty costumes and frocks, for plenty of ladies mounted upon their machines helped to swell the procession. Among them I noticed a lady of the seventeenth century—a charming anachronism—while threading her way through the crowd came a pretty fortune-teller. The ladies who collected for the charity were dressed as hospital nurses.

All the world's a-wheel,
And all the men and women merely wheelers.
They have their tumbles and punctured tyres.
And each, in learning, bruises many parts,
His stages being seven.

So says the *New York Weekly*, in descanting on the business of cycle selling, and winds up thus—

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful parody,
Is when he grows to be a manufacturer,
And owns the earth and all abiding on it.



CYCLING ON THE MARGIN OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Photo by Burnett.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

CHIEFLY HIBERNIAN.

The overwhelming event of last week's programme was the group of sporting functions which drew together so many notabilities of all shades and sorts in the Irish capital. The Duke and Duchess of York's visit was an admirably timed, political interlude, as the universal enthusiasm following their progress fully proved, and not a single note other than that of loyal welcome made itself heard in the general clamour of "caead mille failltha" which greeted their entry, all croaking prognostications to the contrary. Saturday's meeting at Leopardstown Club was a magnificent and memorable occasion, royalty having for the first time graced the annual foregathering on this famous racecourse. Bowers of bunting decorated the route between it and the Phoenix Park, while everywhere hearty acclamations went up for the Duke and Duchess as they drove along. In graceful remembrance of an important feature in native manufactures, the Duchess wore Irish poplin in a shade of grey green, which harmonised well with the delicate peachy-mauve chiffon with which her bodice was trimmed. A smart toque of pinkish-mauve roses to match, flanked with high aigrettes of ivory lace, went with this costume, and a dainty tan tailor-made cape made a useful adjunct, as, notwithstanding extraordinarily decent behaviour from that crotchety clerk who superintends Hibernia atmospherically, there were few sunbeams. Lady Cadogan wore green also, but of a more decided shade, with a great deal of ivory chiffon and lace about the bodice. Her bonnet, of emerald velvet, with hovering gauze dragonflies and ivory lace, crowned a very becoming costume.

A good deal of disappointment arose in consequence of the rather limited number of invitations sent out for Tuesday's ball at the Viceregal Lodge, but, as a matter of fact, the most prosaic possible reason underlies this, which only the few understand. That the Lodge ball-room will not accommodate more than a limited number of hundreds is apparent to all, and the four hundred bidden to Tuesday's function filled to overflow the pretty ballrooms, which were charmingly decorated with greenery and bunting. But why not use the Castle, asked the disappointed non-invited, where there is room and to spare? And the *raison-d'être* is, perhaps, as ridiculous an instance of departmental cheeseparing as any on or off record, for there is, it would appear, only one set of furniture allotted to Dublin Viceregalty, so that when the season comes on, and moving house from the Lodge to the Castle becomes necessary, all the chairs and tables are annually conveyed from one place to the other and back again. Consequently, a ball at the Castle was *non possumus* last week, as the



AT LEOPARDSTOWN RACES.

official Lares and Penates were all "up at the Lodge," though the fact was not communicated from the housetops. Comical unexpectedness over here has a way of being set down as "so very Irish"; but could any Hibernicism be exceeded by this purely Anglo-Saxon contrivance in economics? To Friday's garden-party all the world and his wife were bidden, however—as "a consolatory conglomeration," some irreverent wag announced it, which scarcely reached up to the occasion, however, as the garden-party was an exceedingly brilliant function.

The Duchess of York's yellow satin gown was unequivocally the handsomest at Tuesday evening's function at the Viceregal Lodge. Beautiful embroideries of small gold sequins went in pointed panels from the waist, and, as corsage-ornaments, the Duchess wore lovely turquoise and diamond brooches, her necklace and tiara being to match. Lady Cadogan wore grey satin, broad panels of fine jet, edged with lace, appearing on both sides of her frock—a rather sombre combination, which was, however, plentifully enlivened with the diamonds on her bodice, which were many and most beautiful. A diamond tiara, with diamond and pearl necklace, completed the costume. Princess Henry of Pless wore a favourite and most becoming shade of grey-blue satin, which was also overlaid with panels in a darker shade of velvet. A bodice of gold gauze veiling harmonised exactly with the colour of her frock, and a twist of blue chiffon with rope of pearls was worn in her hair. Lily Duchess of Marlborough looked very stately and handsome in ivory-white brocade, with quantities of priceless old lace about the skirt and bodice. Her tiara and necklace were of diamonds. Lady Lurgan's petite and piquant person was recognisable in bright-blue satin. She wore a diamond necklace. Lady Dufferin looked quite picturesque in pale-grey satin and a diamond crown with pearl-tipped points. Mrs. Cornwallis West's white satin dress was elaborately embroidered with diamonds and had a long train. Miss Cornwallis West looked particularly attractive in the palest shade of green satin, which suited to a miracle her delicate yet vivid colouring. Pale green was also Mrs. Lucius O'Brien's chosen shade. Lady Limerick went in white satin with old lace draperies, and wore a very high diamond tiara. Uniforms were not *en règle*, so the men went in evening-dress, the Duke of York wearing his newly obtained order of St. Patrick. It was altogether a brilliant and extremely smart ball.

Among those who were in evidence on the green lawns of the Viceregal Lodge were Lord and Lady Ardilaun, Mr. Percy La Touche, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Miss Burke Irvine, The O'Connor Don and Madame O'Connor, Sir George and Lady Colthurst, Sir Walter Gilbey, Sir John and Lady Power, Lady Arnott, Lord de Montalt and the Ladies Maude, Sir Henry and Lady Bellingham, Mrs. Babington Corr, Miss Katherine Bell, Mr. George Loftus Tottenham, Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, Lord and Lady Duncannon, the latter wearing a smartly made French grey gown. Colonel and Lady Holroyd Smith were congratulated on the pretty paces of Killea, while Sir Erasmus Burrowes bore the blushing honours of Heroine.

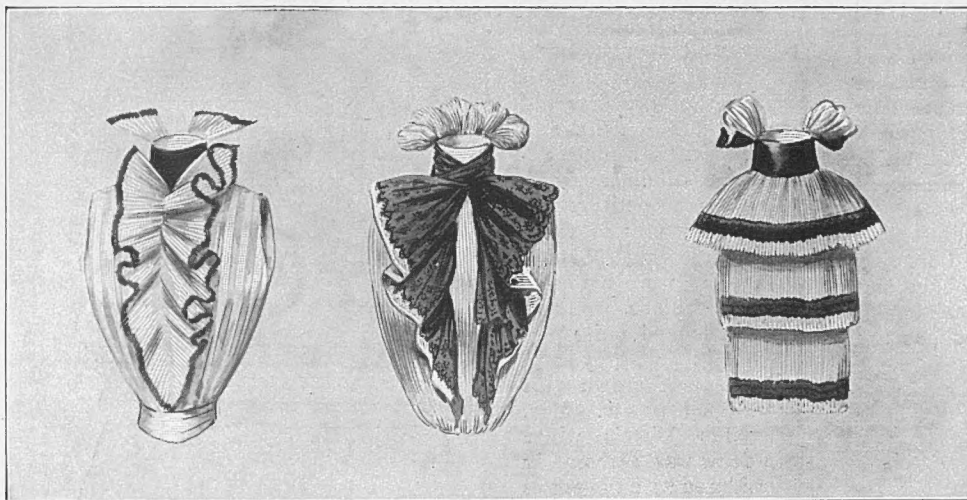
Lady Sankey, who had temporarily returned to the scene of former social sway, wore green, a colour that was generally much in evidence throughout the week. Lady Kathleen Cole appeared in the new shade of powder blue, mixed with white; Princess Pless, a notable figure in soft grey soleil pleated, with toque to match; Lady Eva Dugdale in blue; Lady Lurgan, a dainty little figure, in mauve and white. Lady Grace, admirably turned out as usual, wore black and green. Lady Evelyn Crichton was in heliotrope and white. Lady Betty Balfour, always a piquant presence, came in white and black, with touches of skilfully arranged amber. In fact, the array of smart gowns and pretty women was so dazzlingly generous that it becomes merest haphazard to mention any particular peri, where every other one seemed in her own right worthy a paragraph of descriptive appreciation. A fashion, borrowed from royalty, and which has had a great vogue in Dublin during the past week, is that of photographing the various house-parties which have been assembled in and outside the precincts of this pleasant city, and the two



[Copyright.]

AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

or three principal photographers to whom Fashion mainly hies have been simply overwhelmed with gay "groups" clamouring to be immortalised. Lord Roberts's ball on Thursday evening was the culminating diversion in a week of distracting gaiety. No house could lend itself more picturesquely or practically to the exigencies of a great gathering than does the Royal Hospital, and none of those who attended Lord "Bobs'" splendidly done function will forget that red-letter evening at Kilmainham. To jot down the names of those who turned up in full fig and feather would be a mere *resumé* of the everybody who is anybody over here at the moment. I never saw the Duchess of York look brighter or altogether more charming. The gay spirit of a merry-going nation seems to impart itself to the stranger within its gates, and both the Duke and Duchess appeared quite imbued with the prevailing air of enjoyment which sits so naturally on happy-hearted Paddy, whatever his degree or station. Of the Horse Show proper one might prate *ad infinitum* for of pretty women, ravishing frocks, and, by no means least, unrivalled horseflesh there was an endless display. On Wednesday, in glorious weather, assembled the biggest and most representative gathering ever known of the most horse-loving nation in the world. The Duchess of York seems to have provided a *répertoire* of green dresses. She wore a brilliant shade of the national colour on Wednesday, with a toque of pink-shaded roses and waistband to match. Lily Duchess of Marlborough, who walked on to the jumping enclosure with Lord and Lady Roberts, wore a blue-and-white figured foulard, with bright green toque and waist-belt, while Lady Roberts wore a dark-blue brocade with mauve stripes. Her daughters, in blue, grey, and pink respectively, were also in the sporting contingent on the grass, as was Lady Settrington, in grey, with the inevitable green accessories. The Duchess of York remained in the royal box throughout the entire proceedings, and



FASHIONABLE FRONTS FOR AUTUMN TAILOR-MADES.

[Copyright.]

palpably enjoyed a magnificent display of "lepping," the stone wall, double bank, and water-jump being placed in full view, obstacles which were well calculated to display the mettle of competing "gees."

One of the most interesting items of Wednesday's programme came on at five o'clock in the parade of coaches, each crowded with pretty women and drawn by unimpeachable high-steppers. Lady Limerick, on Sir Thomas Power's box-seat, made a most ornamental appearance in a black picture-hat and white cloth frock with pouched bodice. The "Enniskillings," very smart but entirely regimental, carried no fair cargo. Mrs. Sadleir-Jackson, in a lovely white lace gown with touches of pistachio-green, made an effective *entrée* on another coach, and an alluring unknown in soleil-pleated white China crêpe and dark-green picture-hat also helped the gaiety of nations not a little.

Not one in every ten, perhaps, of the thousands who did Dublin last week thought of visiting the Art-Industries Exhibition, which is held in the rooms directly over the entrance-hall at Ball's Bridge. The collection embraces specimens of the various beautiful laces which are special and particular to Ireland—Carrickmacross, one of the richest and most decorative of all laces, Youghal needle-point, cobwebby Limerick, and so forth endlessly—marvellous examples in the revived art of ribbon-embroidery, besides leather- and metal-work, wood-carving, and various other "channels," ornamentally speaking, which open up occupation for the woman who desires to add to or make her own income. The artistic value of these exhibits is beyond all praise, while the distinctively national character of many gives them added interest. Lady Cadogan's interest and efforts in the Textile Exhibition, which has been one of the big attractions of the week, have done immense things for the home industries represented, and will, it is hoped, spread abroad the fame of those Irish manufactures on which so much of the prosperity and well-being of Ireland depend. Lord Cadogan's half-jesting *mot* on opening day, which expressed the hope that we should hear no more of "Scotch tweeds that were made in Ireland," summed up very neatly an undoubted grievance, for it is a well-proved fact that more than half those smart stuffs of which our tailor modes and driving-capes are built, while sold as "Highland" or Caledonian tweeds, are in sober reality woven on this side of the Channel. It became the fashion to talk of Scotch tweed, and accordingly Ireland took her usual back seat while sending in the supplies. Now, however, that energetic and well-directed efforts tend to

still further foster national industries, it is, as the Lord-Lieutenant remarked, to be hoped that this, among other trading tarradiddles, will no longer obtain a hearing, inasmuch as it is injurious to the best interests of a country whose improved future history is the consummation which all parties and politicians devoutly agree in desiring.

The dainty little figure on the preceding page depicts Lady Lurgan in the most chic and neatest of tailor-mades as she appeared at Leopardstown on Friday, while a particularly lovely white silk, flounced in the early Victorian manner, each wavy festoon edged with palest green velvet, is also reproduced as an example of Hibernia up to date. The pouched bodice found many exponents, and one of its best effects was shown by Lady Enniskillen's pretty daughter, Lady Kathleen Cole, who wore a bodice of Irish lace, pouched over turquoise velvet, with exquisite results. The short basqued jacket is promised as a diversion from this same ubiquitous toque, by the way, and some pretty and novel arrangements in "fronts" are jotted down pictorially as useful accessories for the immediate future. I notice that very horsey-looking Newmarket coats are usurping the favour so long extended to capes. They are decidedly smart, and show the figure to admiration, but the harmless necessary cape seems a more all-round useful friend notwithstanding.

There was a time, and a very good time it was, as the story-tellers say, when Chippendale China, old silver, and other ancient and æsthetic flotsam were to be picked up in Ireland for the proverbial song. That millennium of the curiosity-hunter has now in part gone by, although some wonderful relics of forgotten greatness find their belated way to various centres still, where old Waterford glass and odd relics of Georgian and even Queen Anne silver are jumbled up with old sporting prints and the remains of Adam's or Hipplewhite's ornamental mannerisms in furniture. For the well-known song an acquaintance

of mine picked up quite recently, on one of the Dublin quays, some curtains of genuine Florentine brocades, which, on being cleaned, disclosed a wonderful state of preservation, and are now figuring forth in a May-fairian drawing-room. If these old artificers of mediæval looms could but revisit glimpses of the modern moon, by the way, what surprises would await them in skilful later-day reproductions! All the rich and various colourings which have become classic are imitated so cunningly and with such artistic fidelity to the old models that it is quite possible to correctly reproduce any period in one's domestic plenishings from Beauvais tapestries to the famous velvets of Genoa. Messrs. Graham and Banks, of 445, Oxford Street, are very closely associated with this praiseworthy movement, and the brocades, silken stuffs, and traditional "cut velvets" of earlier times are constantly requisitioned by them for faithful reproduction in colour and texture. The prices at which these delightful brocades and tapestries are offered by them to the artistic faithful seem disproportionately low, but it has served to establish the reputation which this firm securely stands on for good taste and moderation in price. As an instance, one may quote the introduction of a new

material called Turin velvet, which is, in reality, an absolute imitation of the old Genoese velvets, whose exorbitant prices only admitted them to the houses of prosperous great. Messrs. Graham and Banks can sell these Turin velvets, which are twenty-four inches in width, at three-and-six a yard, which, in view of their rich and extravagant exterior, seems absurdly inadequate. One example, which has been copied from some hangings in a Venetian palazzo, seems particularly desirable. The background, of sombre, tawny poplin or rep, is overlaid with a conventional design in soft moss-green velvet; another, with a similar foundation, shows a floral device in deep ruby-red, and would make curtains of ideal warmth in tone and texture for a red dining-room. Some Louis Quinze tapestries with a running pattern of pink and cream ribbon are also special and particular to Messrs. Graham and Banks, and cannot be obtained elsewhere. They make the most effective possible hangings for drawing-room or boudoir.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLO PONY.—(1) Your plan would, of course, add to the attractions of such a meeting, but it is a rather dangerous pastime for women to engage in. I have only once heard of a ladies' polo match, and that was got up more or less *pour rire* by a friend in Simla. The game has been played on bicycles also; I think it was first done in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. For the cricket and golf prizes, you might write to Benson, of 62, Ludgate Hill. I have no doubt they would send you a selection of jewellery to choose from, or you might write for their illustrated catalogue. (2) I am unable to advise you in the other matter, it is so much a matter for family arrangement. I have heard of the "Gold Cure," of course, but know nothing of it. What does the doctor advise?

THE ORPHAN.—Thirty-five pounds a year is not an immoderately large allowance, yet you must remember how much further it goes in the country than elsewhere. Keep to the rule of wearing tailor-mades that are built by a first-rate tailor. They wear for years, and retain their well-cut lines as a cheap frock never can or could. The same advice applies equally to boots and gloves. You can bring economy to bear on the evening gowns, which can always be "fiddled up," as you sagely observe, allowing for a sufficiency of taste on your part. Hats, too, are an important idea in the country.

BAYREUTH PILGRIM.—Yes; Madame Eames, who has lately been the guest of Madame Wagner at Bayreuth, has arranged to appear at the Bayreuth Festival the year after next as Sieglinde in "The Walkyrie" and Eva in "The Meistersinger." The plans for the projected Shakspeare Festival at Bayreuth are still awaiting development.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Sept. 13.

MONEY.

Money continues fairly plentiful, and the Bank Rate still remains at 2 per cent. The Bank Return last week disclosed an increase of £544,000 in Public Deposits, tax payments being partly responsible for this rise; while "Other" Deposits were lower by £641,000. Coin and bullion stock showed an increase of £166,000, and the note issue decreased by £259,000. The Reserve was thus strengthened to the extent of £425,000. The ratio of Reserve to liability has advanced 1 per cent. to 54½ per cent., which compares with 58½ per cent. at the corresponding week of last year.

STOCK EXCHANGE VALUES.

Although the aggregate net movement in Stock Exchange values during the past month has been trifling—the gains and losses being almost equally balanced—yet considerable fluctuations have taken place in nearly every department of the Stock Exchange. According to the usual monthly table compiled by the *Bankers' Magazine*, showing the values of 325 representative securities, and their aggregate variation during the past month, the total net increase only amounts to £201,000, or 0.006 per cent., as compared with July. The variations, however, are instructive in detail. Money Market conditions are chiefly responsible for a decline in "gilt-edged" securities, British and Indian Funds showing a decrease of 0.2 per cent. The chief feature in the speculative market was an improvement in American railroad shares of no less than 5.8 per cent. Considerable operations for the rise have been carried on in Wall Street, but transactions on this side are still pretty well confined to the professional element. English railway stocks have suffered considerably, although not so much as they would at first appear, owing to the dividend deductions which have taken place in some cases. Bank shares have appreciated during the month owing to the dearer tendency of money, while Industrial shares and South African mines also show a marked improvement.

IRISH SAVINGS.

A noteworthy feature in connection with the banking statistics for Ireland, just published, is the rapid growth which is taking place in Post Office savings. At the end of June of this year the estimated amount in the Post Office Savings Banks in Ireland stood at £6,443,000, as compared with £5,919,000 for the corresponding period of 1896, thus showing an increase of £524,000; and this is all the more satisfactory when it is considered that this follows an increase of £582,000 in the twelve months ending with June 1896. To illustrate the wonderful rate of progress with which the money has been accumulating in these banks, we gather from the table before us that at June 30, 1877, the total amount stood at £1,211,000. At the corresponding date in 1887 the amount had increased to £2,802,000, while at the end of June of the current year the figures, as we have already seen, have reached the substantial sum of £6,443,000, which speaks volumes in favour of the improved condition of the working classes in Ireland.

HENDERSON'S TRANSVAAL ESTATES.

We have reason to believe that certain important developments are likely to occur before very long, not perhaps in direct connection with Henderson's Transvaal Estates, though it is possible it may be so, but, at all events, in connection with the extensive interests controlled by Mr. Henderson. The Estates shares have suffered in common with other South African ventures since the Jameson Raid, which paralysed for the time the introduction of working capital for development purposes, but that is now ancient history. The air is still far from clear, but all this dilly-dallying work cannot go on for ever, and one of these fine days we shall wake up to find a booming market again. From what we gather as to what is going on behind the scenes we feel pretty confident that, when that time comes, the Henderson group will not be lagging in the background; and we are also disposed to the opinion that certain holders of the Estates Company shares may give them an upward impetus without waiting too long for a psychological moment.

KENT COAL EXPLORATION.

The chairman of this company had nothing in the way of practical results to submit to the first general meeting held last week. There was a good deal of scientific reasoning, however, indulged in at the meeting, and Professor W. Boyd Dawkins spoke in very glowing terms of the prospects before the company. He said—

They intended to pick out the very best places for striking coal, and so add to the South of England one of those great resources which were of the highest importance to the well-being of the whole community.

We apprehend that there are some very important points yet to be demonstrated before the community comes to believe in these optimistic predictions. It is such a very long time since this coal was discovered, under the auspices of Sir Edward Watkin, that one cannot avoid feeling rather sceptical about its ever being worked, or feeling inclined to bet even money that the Channel Tunnel will be in full working order before the Kent coalfields are able to supply coal to run the engines through it.

AUSTRALIAN BANK-ASSETS SCHEME.

Last week we referred to the scheme for realising the assets of the Federal Bank of Australia, the English and Australian Mortgage Bank, the City of Melbourne Bank, and the Mercantile Bank of Australia, in the shape of four distinct assets companies, all under the same control. At the time we wrote, it was a question of grave doubt as to whether the scheme would pass through, as the creditors of the City of Melbourne

and the Mercantile Banks had appointed committees to consider the matter, and there was an influential opposition, based ostensibly on objections to the transfer of the control to this country, but really, we imagine, to some extent with a view to the loaves and fishes. However, matters have now been happily smoothed over, and the four companies are to be constituted, with Mr. Jacomb, the liquidator of the Federal Bank, as manager on behalf of the four boards on this side. It is a happy termination to what at one time looked like proving a fiasco, and Messrs. Byrne and Shepherd, the representatives of the Home creditors, cannot be too warmly congratulated on the tact with which they have carried these troublesome negotiations to a successful issue.

THE FUTURE OF RHODESIA.

Mr. F. C. Selous naturally takes a more optimistic view of the prospects of Rhodesia than would be taken by a stranger. To some extent it is his child, to some extent his hobby; but the paper that he read before the British Association at Toronto will be cold comfort for "Chartered" shareholders. Fortunately, they are so widely distributed and are held in such small quantities that few will be very serious losers, when it is finally recognised that the shares are worthless; but that they are practically worthless no man of common sense can now doubt, if he does not wilfully shut his eyes to the facts. The shares are still kept up to a premium of about 250 per cent. above their face value, though admittedly the theories on which they were worked up to a premium have been falsified by results. After years of diligent prospecting, it has to be admitted that not one single payable gold-mine has been discovered. Mr. Selous does not attempt to contend that one has. It is suggested that even now payable gold may be discovered. This is true. It is equally true, and less improbable, that payable gold may be found in the Isle of Wight or in the middle of the Soudan; but the man who paid 250 per cent. above its face value for a property in the Soudan, because gold *may* be found in it, would be considered unwise. If there is no gold, Mr. Selous admits that there is nothing to attract the hardy settlers whom he would like to see there.

He admits that the deadly malaria makes it impossible for whites to live anywhere except on the portions which are at an altitude of 4000 feet and upwards, and he admits that these parts are too remote to enable farmers to export agricultural produce. How, then, is the settler to live? The country is very unsuitable for horses. About 95 per cent. die. The cattle have been swept away by rinderpest, and, even if they could be replaced in course of time at vast expense, how can the country compete with countries like the rich and fertile Argentine, itself badly in want of more colonists?

Even, however, if a few hardy settlers do succeed in successfully "fighting the tiger" in the highlands, eating of their own meat and mealies, and "swapping" away their surplus stock every now and then for tools, ammunition, clothes, whisky, drugs, &c., their lives will not be enviable. Married to Kaffir squaws, their children must grow up almost as savages—still, a few may endure it; but where are the dividends for "Chartered" shareholders coming from? Unless they are prepared to take them in snuff-and-butter-coloured children, we fail to see.

Only to-day we have been shown a private letter from a man in the very prime of life who was induced to seize the "splendid opportunity" afforded him by the Chartered Company of going out to this "country with a great future," and the account which he gives of the country is grave in the extreme. The fever is almost constant, though he writes from one of Mr. Selous's highlands, the treatment of the natives he considers indefensible, and the power of the chiefs still unbroken. The scarcity and hardships are most serious, and it is manifestly not a country to which any farmer could take a wife, or sister, or daughter, and the moment the Chartered Company comes to the end of the money it raises in England, apparently even the comparatively healthy highlands must relapse into pristine savagery. We hear that many country shareholders have taken advantage of the recent rise and quietly sold, and anyhow there is no more investment-buying, so sooner or later the end must come. Already it is "as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall, whose breaking cometh suddenly at an instant."

COLONIAL COMPANIES.

Our observations herein have attracted some attention—a sure sign that they were not uncalled for. Now, we do not deny that many colonial directors are far too honourable to take advantage—to the detriment of English shareholders—of provisions, however unreasonable, in their Articles. That, however, is no justification for the insertion in Articles of unreasonable provisions. If any colonial companies, drawing capital from England, have Articles which do not practically disfranchise their English shareholders, we shall be happy to publish their names, if they will send us copies of their Articles of Association; but we shall be surprised if this challenge is accepted by 10 per cent. of the companies registered abroad which rely on England for the bulk of their capital. It seems desirable that an association for mutual protection should be formed by colonial shareholders, similar to the English Association of American Bond and Share Holders.

The following letter from our Johannesburg correspondent will be read with interest—

THE WERNHER-BEIT DEEP-LEVELS.

A variety of circumstances point to the extreme probability of the next Kaffir boom, come when it may, being an affair of deep-levels, and the Eckstein-Wernher-Beit group of financiers control, with few exceptions, the pick of the Rand deep-levels, just as they hold a preponderating interest in the great majority of the best outcrop mines. The Robinson, Ferreira, Crown Reef, Heriot, Jumpers, Wolhuter, City and Suburban, Henry Nourse, and Jubilee are a few of the better-known outcrop mines which the indomitable energy and the most highly trained technical ability directed by this group of leading financiers

have placed in the very front of the successes of the Rand. These and most of the other outcrop dividend-payers are comparatively well known. Not so the deep-levels, and, considering the conspicuous place which some of these mines must take in the near future as gold-producers and dividend-payers, the home investor would be well advised to keep his eye on deep-levels—to make himself well acquainted with the merits and demerits of the various big properties which propose to mine at depths up to 3000 and 4000 feet, though by-and-by the deeper levels (5000 and even 6000 feet) will have their day.

The Bonanza has compelled attention to deep-levels by the phenomenal results of its first year's work. So, also, in recent months has the Geldenhuis Deep. Other deep-levels of the Wernher-Beit group start crushing on an early date, notably the Crown Deep before these lines are in print, and the Rose Deep, Nourse Deep, and Jumpers Deep a little later. A vast amount of interest in Johannesburg is centred in the performance of the Crown Deep, one of the best of the deep-levels, and the share market will possibly be affected one way or the other by the first few months' results from this important mine. Other things being favourable—and especially the Boer Government having afforded some relief to the mining industry—a few good returns from the Crown Deep would give a great fillip to the deep-level market.

The Crown Deep will start crushing with 60 stamps, gradually increasing to 200 stamps. As to what this mine may do in the way of profit-earning, we have the official estimate of Mr. Webber, the general manager, that at the start the yield will be in the region of 11 dwts. fine gold, or 44s. per ton. By the introduction of sorting appliances later on for the sorting out of barren rock, the

yield is estimated at 12 dwt., or from 48s. to 50s. per ton. Only the south reef and main reef leader will be worked for the present, the main reef, wherever sampled, being too low grade for treatment at the existing range of costs. The leader is a fine body of ore, averaging 26 in. in width, and giving an average assay value of 28·7 dwts. The south reef averages 16 in. in width, and the average assay value is 37·3 dwts.

These averages are for over half-a-million tons of ore developed on six levels, and naturally there is a wide difference between the highest and lowest grades. Allowing for 4½ ft. stopes on the leader, and 3½ ft. on the south reef, the average extraction is estimated as above, but it will be nothing unusual should the actual result at first come out lower than the estimate. In the long run, after the mine has



MR. G. ROULIOT.

Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

been thoroughly opened up, and sorting plant is at work, the average extraction from the two reefs may be put very safely at 50s. per ton milled. With additional plant by-and-by for the new slimes treatment the extraction may be appreciably more. Considering that this important deep-level is on the dip of rich mines like the Crown Reef, Bonanza, Robinson, and Pioneer, the estimates certainly do not err on the wrong side.

To arrive at the approximate amount of profits per month we have only to find the probable rate of costs and deduct this from the estimated yield. The Geldenhuis Deep, with 150 stamps, has been working of late at about 26s. per ton, calculating on the tonnage milled and excluding a certain proportion of waste rock sorted out. But the tendency of late has been to reduce costs, and every nerve is being strained all along the Rand to effect every possible economy. Natives have been reduced to £2 per month as compared with £3 10s. less than a year ago, and, with rinderpest permanently impoverishing the Kaffir in every South African State, the labour supply must eventually become so abundant that wages may come down to £1 per month, with rations and shelter. This is an all-important matter for every mine on the Rand, and the rinderpest, while it is ruining agricultural South Africa, may prove the salvation of the mining industry. On the other hand, the mines will preserve tens of thousands of Kaffirs from starvation.

Leaving out of account the possible economic reforms of the Boer Government—which, in spite of all that has been said and written, are a very doubtful quantity—the mining companies themselves may be able to pull down costs still further. Native labour represents about 25 per cent. of the total amount of costs, and this may be further reduced as well as other items. On the existing basis, however, the Crown Deep cannot be expected to work any more cheaply than the Geldenhuis Deep—possibly not so cheaply at first. But a comparison between the two mines will be misleading so long as the Crown Deep has no sorting plant. Taking a similar rate of costs, namely, 26s., and allowing the yield at the start to be 4½s., there would be an apparent profit of 18s. per ton, and on 9000 tons this would give a profit of about £8000. But investors who buy the shares now do so in anticipation of the time, possibly a year hence, when the full plant will be at work, and when the profits may reasonably be put at 30s. per ton—a yield of 50s. against a working-rate of 20s. per ton. On the large tonnage milled by 200 stamps the monthly profits ought to be nearer £40,000 than £30,000. Taking the average earnings at £35,000 per month, this represents dividends of from 130 to 140 per cent. annually. Some such distribution the shareholders may confidently expect from this rich mine, and it is to be noted that, as the company will start milling free of debt—thanks to the recent issue of the 50,000 reserve shares at a handsome premium—profits from the start, whatever the event, will be available for shareholders.

Mr. G. Rouliot, whose photograph we give, is a leading member of the firm of H. Eckstein and Co., who represent Wernher, Beit, and Co. on the Rand. He has had a large share in the development of the goldfields, and has been a firm and consistent believer in deep-levels through good report and the reverse. As the most distinguished Frenchman in Johannesburg, Mr. Rouliot is the acknowledged head of the Gallic colony; but he is extremely popular with all nationalities and classes—even the Boers, for he takes no part in Transvaal politics.

THE ARGENTINE.

Those who took advantage quickly of our advice last week must have made a good turn out of Argentine Bonds. The Waterworks Loan, quoted

by us last week at 67, was to-day 69; while the Funding Loan, which was then 85, is now 87½. The 1886 Loan has gone up even more rapidly; on this day week it was quoted 86½, and to-day it closed at 90, whilst the creditable thing about it is that all this advance has been secured without assassinating a President, or even a Prime Minister—a financial expedient which could always be adopted in the last resource.

URUGUAY.

Hamlet's bitterest description of a crime is—

... almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Had he lived in these times, he would have had a chance of whetting his wit on the equally cynical crime of murdering a President and "bulling" the Republic's stocks on the strength of it. We wonder whether Brutus and Cassius and the lean and hungry Casca secured a heavy "call" of Roman Consols before murdering Julius Cæsar. Certainly the admirers of republican institutions have never yet claimed, as they can now claim, that the readiest way to restore the impaired financial credit of a republic is to assassinate the President.

THE LOWER ROODEPOORT.

The new directors of this company are certainly not allowing the grass to grow under their feet. With characteristic energy and sound discretion, they have at once summoned the ordinary general meeting which their predecessors ought to have called more than twelve months ago. The company was registered in January 1895, and since the statutory meeting not a single ordinary general meeting has been held. Besides promptly convening this long-overdue ordinary general meeting, the new Board has issued the first Directors' Report that the shareholders have ever received, and, although so hastily prepared, it is an exceedingly interesting document. It discloses the fact that three of the late directors, while reluctantly complying with their shareholders' requisition to convene a meeting, took steps the very next day to secretly thwart their shareholders' wishes. They held a Board meeting, at which one of them (Mr. Edwin Perkins) resigned, and then they elected four new directors, making up the full complement of seven, the maximum fixed by the Articles.

By this daring manoeuvre they reckoned that, even if the resolutions were carried against them and the directors named in such resolutions were displaced, their four new nominees (not being mentioned in such resolution) would not be displaced, and there would only be seats for three of the four new directors proposed by the shareholders, and thus the old party would still command the majority of the Board.

The fact that this audacious scheme has broken down on legal grounds does not make it the less discreditable. The authors of it themselves clearly recognised its discreditable character, for not a word was said about it when the extraordinary general meeting was held, and not one of the gentlemen whom they had pretended to appoint took his seat at the table. Certainly the new Board are fairly entitled to suggest that the old directors must have had some very strong motive for their conduct.

It is now clearly the duty of all shareholders to rally round the new Board, and especially their resolute champion and chairman, Mr. William Hopper.

Saturday, Aug. 28, 1897.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H.—By the rules of the paper we are not allowed to reply to anonymous correspondents.

JUSTICE.—(1) You bought dear, but it looks as if they were more likely to go above present quotations than fall lower. If they were ours, we should hold on for a bit longer. We ourselves bought at 2 and sold (too soon) at 2½. (2) See this week's "Notes." (3) It is a big gamble. The party who "runs the Bank" is very competent and very daring. He "will make a spoon or spoil a horn." If you can creep out, without a loss, we should do so, if in your place, but—he may pull it off. He has the fanatical courage of an Afriidi!

INVESTOR.—Not known in this market. Send us further particulars, including prospectus and reports, if any.

REX.—Received letter and enclosure, with thanks.

H. L. W.—(1) A speculation, of course, but promising. (2) A colonial company (see last week's "Notes"). You had better examine the articles, and be cautious before putting any money into it. (3) Considered a good investment. (4) Not known on the London market, but, personally, we have a poor opinion of it.